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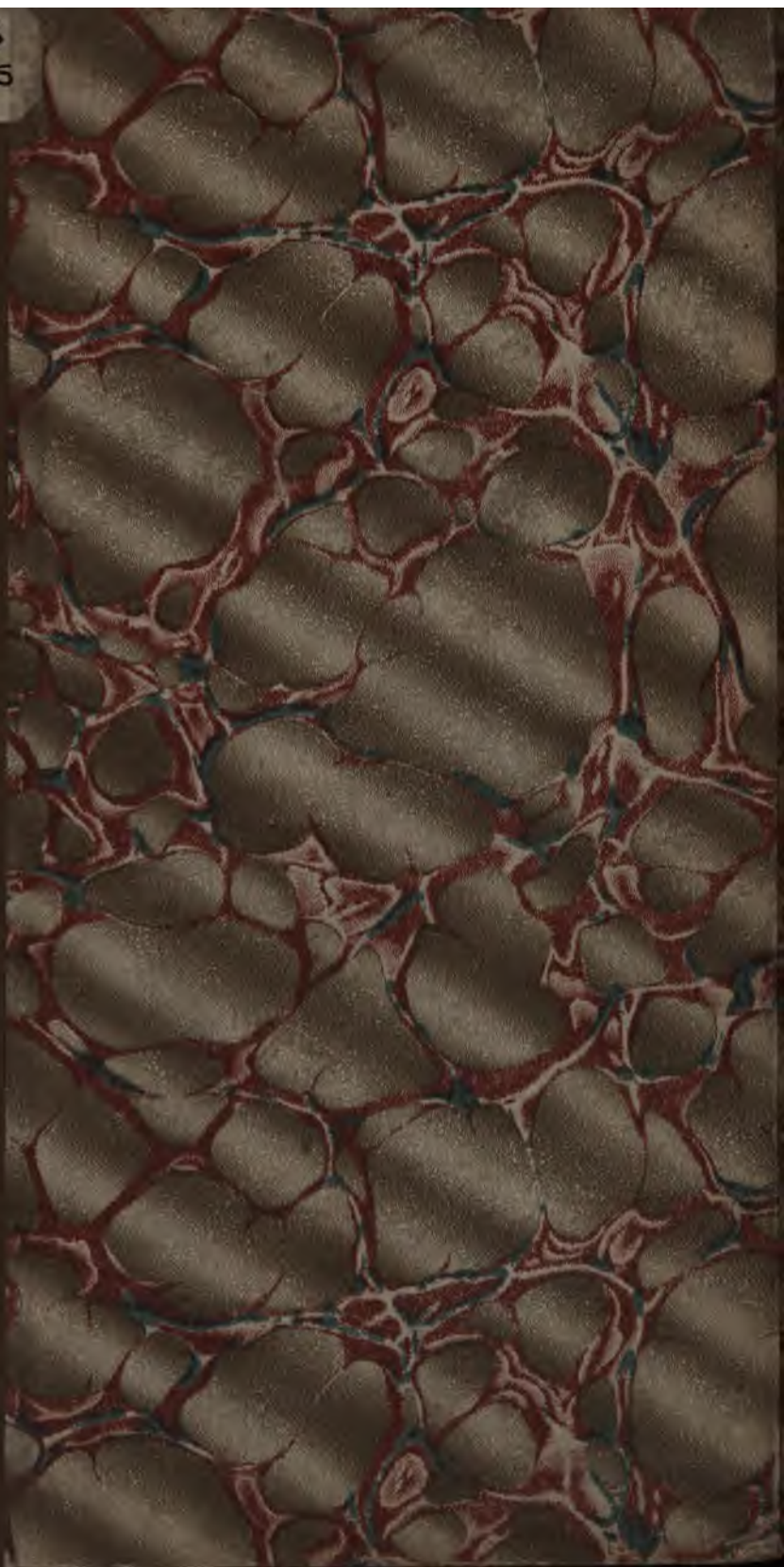
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Beazley - Hints for Husbands.



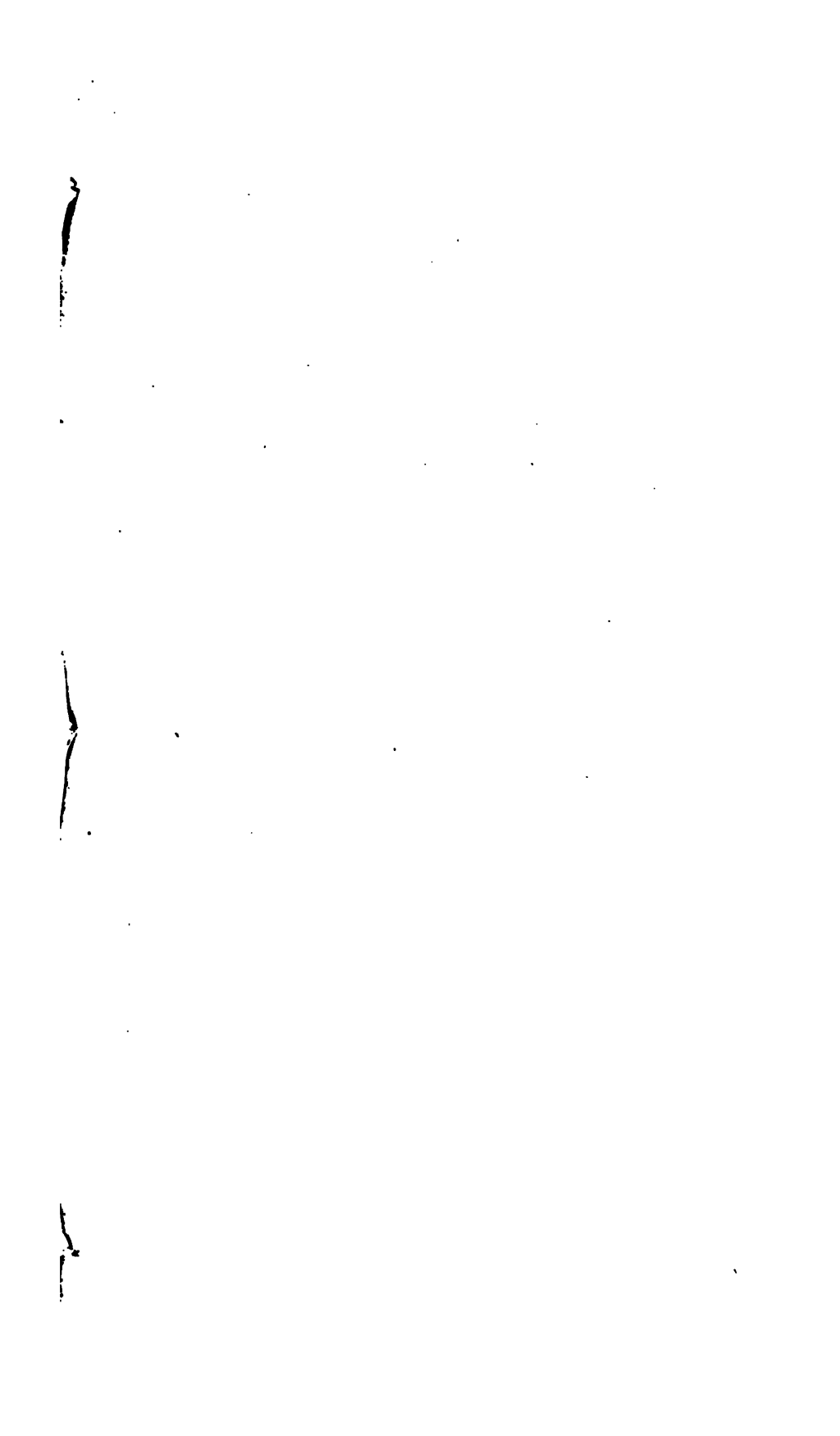
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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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Wm. Pyle Esq

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS;

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

by Wm. Pyle

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET,
On Saturday, August 29, 1835.

LONDON, 1835:
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN TOWN;
JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1878

LONDON:
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS,
Stamford Street.

DEDICATION.

TO FRANK MILLS, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

Dedications, like Prologues and Epilogues, have of late years fallen into disuse ; but as I have adopted the good old custom of the one, I trust you will permit me the privilege of the other.

When Dedications were more the fashion, they were dictated, sometimes, by the hope of future patronage, and at others, by gratitude for past favours.

In offering my Comedy to you, I honestly confess that I am actuated by both these motives ; and I assure you that one of the greatest pleasures afforded me by its success, is the power it gives me of thus publicly testifying that sense of your kindness which I have attempted to express in private, and which I try to deserve by a grateful appreciation.

Believe me,

My Dear Sir,

Your's, truly obliged,

THE AUTHOR.

Soho Square,

Sept. 12, 1835.

P R E F A C E.

As the critics have thought proper, in the midst of all their kind remarks on this humble production, to attribute the origin of "Hints to Husbands" to two or three French pieces ingeniously dovetailed together, the Author thinks it but fair to himself, as well as to his brother dramatists on the other side of the water, to state, that he is only indebted to the "Premièrs Amours" for a portion of one of the underplots of his comedy; and that the merits and demerits of the remainder, including the "two important scenes" (as they are called by the critics) at the ends of the third and fourth Acts, are entirely his own.

"Hints for Husbands" has been written as an experiment, to try a comedy which should not owe any attraction it might possess, either to broad farce or forced situation. That it has succeeded gives the Author pleasure, because he hopes that it will induce far abler pens to pursue the same course with additional effect, and increased success.

To Mr. Morris, the Author is indebted for the promptness with which he accepted the drama after his judgment had decided that it was worth the expense of playing; and to all the performers, both collectively and individually, for the talent, attention, and kindness with which they have studied and acted such common-place parts as form the characters in this Comedy.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Old Dashington (a citizen removed to the West End)</i>	Mr. W. FARREN.
<i>Sir Frederick Sparkington (a Libertine man of Fashion)</i>	Mr. VINING.
<i>Modely (led away by Sir Frederick into fashionable extravagance)</i>	Mr. WARDE.
<i>Henry Freeland (in love with Arabella Dashington)</i>	Mr. BRINDAL.
<i>Frank Heartington (in love with Emily Freeland)</i>	Mr. HAINES.
<i>Tom Bluntly (nephew to Old Dashington)</i>	Mr. WEBSTER.
<i>Macao (keeper of a Club-house)</i>	Mr. SHEPHERD.
<i>La Garde (old Domestic of Angelica's)</i>	Mr. GALLOT.
<i>Peter (Servant to Dashington)</i>	Mr. ROSS.

Waiters—Servants—Guests, &c. &c.

<i>Mrs. Modely</i>	Mrs. FAUCIT.
<i>Arabella Dashington</i>	Miss TAYLOR.
<i>Angelica</i>	Miss FAUCIT.
<i>Emily Freeland</i>	Miss TURPIN.
<i>Watkins</i>	Miss BARNETT.
<i>Fringe</i>	Miss WILLIAMS.
<i>Duchess of Snarlington</i>	Mrs. NEWCOMBE.
<i>Mrs. Commode</i>	Mrs. W. DALY.

*Lady Freelove, Mrs. Dashall, and other guests of
Mrs. Modely.*

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WARDE.

IN this, the Drama's most degenerate day,
Bold is the man who writes a five act play ;
He's surely mad who such a thing can do,
When the spectators often yawn o'er two ;
But still more mad our author of to-night,
Who, without music, spectacle, or fight,
Or splendid fête, now vainly hopes to keep
Through five long acts, his auditors from sleep
With simple facts of passion, love, or strife,
Drawn from the ev'ry-day concerns of life ;
With no broad farce your laughter to provoke,
And a *Dram. pers.* far too polite to joke.

To-night *no* foreign singers strain their throats,
And change for English gold their foreign *notes* ;
To blushing belles, or to applauding beaux,
No twirling dancers here their legs expose,
Who, with their *pas* and pirouettes can make,
At least, a guinea every step they take :
Nay, to their guinea we might count a second
If, with their steps, their false ones might be reckon'd.

Without such aid, I freely must confess,
I see but little prospect of success.
I've told our author, meaning to be kind,
For condemnation to prepare his mind ;
And that for sleep his play's a good specific,
A smoothing, soothing, five act *soporific*.
As such then take it, to the very letter,
And go to sleep and dream that it is better.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Old Dashington's.*

Enter FRINGE; afterwards, PETER.

Fri. ~~Peter~~! Peter! order the carriage immediately. Miss Dashington is nearly dressed; and you know she can't bear to be kept waiting.

Pet. It shall be round in the turning of a wheel, Mrs. Fringe. [*Exit.*]

Fri. Well, to be sure my mistress is a little hasty and pettish; but then she quarrels with her caps and gowns as much as with me, and the one makes up for the other. But I must see if my old master is ready. (*Knocking at the door.*) Sir, sir! Mr. Dashington! my mistress is ready, and can't wait. Poor old gentleman! it takes him as long to dress out for these parties as it does a hackney-coach horse to get into a gallop.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON. *His pig-tail and part of his dress bespeak the complete old school of the citizen; but an Opera hat and some other habiliments proclaim an attempt at fashion.*

Old D. Well, Fringe, here I am, trussed like a turkey, with my head in the pillory of a stiff neckcloth, and a shirt-collar that will cut my ears off. And where am I to be dragged to-night, eh?

Fri. Oh, Sir! there is but one party on my mistress's list for the evening,—only Mrs. Modely's "At home."

Old D. "At home!" I wish they'd let me be at home. But curse me if the people who put the word on their cards know what home is. [*A bell rings violently without.*]

Fri. There, there's my mistress's bell; I must run and put the finishing hand to her toilet. [*Exit.*]

Old D. A finishing hand! These doings will put the finishing hand to me soon, and make an undertaker the only valet-de-chambre necessary at my toilet. Zounds! to think that I am such an old fool as to be led away by my daughter to every rout and nonsense that she chooses to go to. Stuck up here with this hat, that looks just like a large piece of black bread and butter, doubled up under my arm,—why, it's no more like the respectable old cocks of former times than the corkscrew curl of a modern Brutus is like the capacious wig of Sir Roger de Coverley. Ay, those were the hats—cut a fly's eye out as you passed up Cheapside.—Here comes Arabella. Well, she does look beautiful, and that's the truth of it.

Enter MISS ARABELLA DASHINGTON.

Ara. That's a good, dear papa, for being ready.

Old D. Ready; yes, I'm ready. Shall I do?

Ara. Pretty well; but hold yourself upright. Stick your back in a little—let your hat dangle—and walk so.

Old D. But Bella, now, why will you run after all these balls?

Ara. Why, where would be the utility of my youth, health, and fortune, if I were to waste them on the desert air?

Old D. But—Bella—I don't want you to waste them on the desert air: I want them to grace an Englishman's fire-side; for it is there that youth and beauty shine most gracefully. I want you to get a good husband.

Ara. There now, that's the old subject.

Old D. Aye, but your husband needn't be an old subject. Have not I offered you twenty good husbands?

Ara. Oh! one plague's enough, of all conscience.

Old D. I want to see you comfortably married and settled.

Ara. Married and settled!—why, these words, my dear papa, are the very antipodes to each other. You may settle people's estates; but you cannot settle *them*. Their acres and their gold may be confined by great seals and musty parchments; but there are quicksilver properties in the hearts and heads of young ladies and gentlemen which defy the power of the law and the sacred injunctions of the ceremony. For my part, I think marriage generally unsettles people;—my schoolfellow, Mrs. Modely, for instance.

Old D. Oh, dear!—This arises, now, from my being

wheedled into sending you to a fashionable boarding-school, where you formed flighty acquaintances with people of fashion, who never settle. They never settle their bills, till their bills settle them. Had I sent you to Mrs. Sampler's, at Clapton, and kept you to chain-stitch and hem-stitch, and pot-hooks and hangers——

Ara. I dare say at Christmas I should have brought you home a beautiful sampler of Adam and Eve in needle-work, with an apple looking like a parched pea, a serpent resembling a yard of penny bobbin, and a tree that might have served for a portrait of one of your own wigs.

Old D. Well, well, now, never mind my wig, but think of a husband. I want to say a word or two before we go to this party, where most probably you will see Harry Free-land, your schoolfellow Emily's brother, and the son of my earliest friend. Now, if you would but oblige your poor old father, and just fall in love with him, now——

Ara. Why, I never saw the man; and I tell you, once for all, papa——

Old D. There, now you're in a pet—you're off in a tantrum. Now don't be so hasty.

Ara. Well, upon one condition, I'll never be hasty again.

Old D. Name it.

Ara. Only let me please myself, and never ask me to do anything against my own inclination.

Old D. A very reasonable proposition.

Ara. Besides, papa, you say my husband would catch a Tartar.

Old D. True, child; but the plum that I shall give you would sweeten the Tartar. So now, Bella, hear me.

Ara. And now, papa, hear me—it may as well out at once. The fact is, I am engaged. (*Solemnly.*) Sacred and anterior promises——

Old D. Sacred and anterior nonsense!—Engaged! What! without my consent? Unknown to your father? Here's libertinism at twenty with a vengeance! What, to some boy at the next boarding-school, I suppose? Some little rascal who blew his billet-doux in at your window through a pea-shooter, and won your heart upon the new principle of producing a vacuum.

Ara. No, papa; to my cousin.

Old D. Your cousin! What, that scapegrace, Tom Bluntly? Why, you hav'n't seen him these eight years.

Ara. True;—that is a proof of my constancy.

Old D. But you were children.

Ara. Children! why he was fourteen and I twelve when we parted,—he to seek his fortune in foreign lands, I to go to Mrs. Quadrille's finishing seminary. You remember at that time Aunt Bridget kept your house in Finsbury-square.

Old D. Well, I know she did, and when she should have been scolding the maids, she was weeping over the pleasures of sensibility; when she should have been looking after the kitchen-fire, she was always warming herself over some confounded love-story.

Ara. Yes—she delighted in the elegant literature of romance. Cousin Tom read as we worked—and many is the time that our needles have become rusty with the tears we have shed over the fate of some unhappy hero.

Old D. Needles and nonsense—what has all this to do with it?

Ara. Oh! cousin Tom was my hero, and I his heroine. At parting, aunt Bridget witnessed our plighted vows; I swore to marry none but himself—we exchanged rings as pledges of mutual fidelity—mine has never been off my finger—and every year convinces me that aunt Bridget was right in asserting that first love is ineffaceable.

Old D. Pledges of mutual fidelity! what should a single woman know about pledges of mutual fidelity?

Ara. Oh, but papa! Do you remember his engaging manners and his innocent gambols?

Old D. Oh, yes—his engaging manners consisted in treading upon my gouty toe and shaking my rheumatic fingers—his innocent gambols, in putting a fish-hook into my wig, and whipping it up into the air, just as I was falling into my afternoon's nap. But have you kept up any correspondence?

Ara. None, excepting the time of the full-moon.—Then, by mutual agreement, we determined to look at that beautiful planet at the same hour, and let our thoughts of each other mingle with her brightness. That has been our only correspondence.

Old D. A correspondence in the moon.—There's a damn'd twopenny-post-man for you. Who'd have thought of finding a man in the moon?

Ara. But you—you have, papa—you have had some correspondence with him.

Old D. Oh, yes—a very regular one—every three months.

Ara. (Anxiously) And what did he say ?

Old D. Oh ! there wasn't much variety in his notes : all of them were twin brothers ; they generally ran thus—"Ten days after sight, pay to my order, so many pounds—so many shillings—and so many pence—for value received."

Ara. And not a word for me ?

Old D. What—do you think he could put a true lover's knot in a promissory note ? or send his love in a bill of exchange ? who the devil would have discounted a note of hand accepted by Hymen—indorsed by Cupid—and finishing with his love to cousin Bella ?

Enter PETER.

Pet. The carriage waits, ma'am !

Ara. Oh come—do, papa—we shall be so late, and I am engaged to dance the first quadrille with Lord Steppington, and to move a waltz with Sir William Whirl. So come now—hand me to the carriage gracefully. There, that's right, I declare I shall make you quite young again—that's right—the hat so—your arm so—very well—very well indeed.

Old D. Zounds, that I should be learning to walk at my time of life ! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An Ante-room of a Club House—Servants in attendance.

Enter MACAO.

Mac. More Champagne there, for Mr. Modely ; and bring fresh dice. Call Sir Frederick Sparkington's carriage, and place more cards on the Ecarté tables. *[Exeunt Servants.]* We shall have deeper play yet ; as the wine circulates the stakes increase. Ha, Sir Frederick Sparkington.

Enter Sir FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. Have you sent more Champagne to Mr. Modely ?

Mac. It will be on the table instantly, Sir Frederick.

Sir F. I want him to sit late. Let him not want for money, wine, or dice. Do you understand me ?

Mac. Exactly, Sir Frederick.

Sir F. (Half aside). Mrs. Modely gives this night a fancy ball. Modely is here gaming. She is at home and he is out ; the usual custom of modern married couples—kept up very much for the benefit of certain young men

about town, who, having no manorial rights of their own, take out a licence and poach upon their neighbours, without any fear of a reprisal.

Enter MODELY from the folding doors.

Mod. Curse the dice, I'll have no more of them to-night.

Sir F. What!—set up for a man of fashion, and staggered with an unlucky throw or two? Why, Modely, you will be laughed at—nay—nay, courage—though the fickle goddess Fortune—

Mod. Goddess—Devil, I think. There is not a poet or philosopher who does not trumpet her as the most variable creature in the world, and I alone seemed doomed to find her unchangeably fixed against me.

Sir F. Nay—nay—what matter, so long as you fix yourself a constellation in the galaxy of fashion, you must not lose so good a name for a few guineas.

Mod. A few guineas! why an acre melts at every throw.

Sir F. Pshaw! a cool thousand will carry you through the night, and Macao here will be your banker.

Mac. Oh, certainly—a thousand did you say, Sir Frederick. *[Exeunt.]*

Mod. No, no—not to-night. Luck is against me. Besides Mrs. Modely has her assembly, and I must be there.

Sir F. At your wife's party, man;—what, in the name of wonder, should you do there? At any rate, till the company break up.

Re-enter MACAO.

Mac. Here are the thousand pounds, Sir; you can give me your draft presently. *[Exit through door.]*

Sir F. There, now, resume your place—laugh the laughers out of countenance. I'll send your carriage at two, and will make your excuses myself to Mrs. Modely.

Mod. Well, well, once more; but upon my soul it gives me a prodigious deal of trouble to become a man of pleasure. *[Exit.]*

Sir F. How easily are men led by their vanity! He will not quit the club to-night; and thus his wife will be left to the delicate attentions of his friend. These I pay without suspicion, under cover of my pretended addresses to Miss Emily Freeland;—thus shooting two arrows at once, against the beauty of Modely's wife, and the innocent simplicity of her country protégée. Oh, these women—these women! Why, in the name of Fortune, was I born in a country where

their economical laws stint a man to the possession of one woman, while he has a heart capable of loving a thousand—of loving did I say?—No, no, my heart and conscience belie the word.—I did love once—phsaw! this will never do. The perfidy of one adored woman has steeled me against the sex for ever. Fickle, false—but lovely sex, I have sworn relentless and unsparing war against you—though I reap but transient pleasures and bitter pangs from my victories.

Fre. (Without). Put the mask and domino in the dressing-room, and order my cabriolet to wait.

Sir F. Eh! why, that's Freeland's voice! His presence may mar my schemes upon his sister.

Enter HENRY FREELAND.

Why, Freeland! who thought of seeing you in town?

Fre. I am scarcely out of my travelling-carriage. Finding, on my arrival at Dover, that my sister was in London, I flew as fast as four horses and double-paid postillions could bring me to town;—that's the way my riches take wings and fly away.

Sir F. Ay, and if report speak true, you come on the wings of love as well as of those of wealth—to marry, or to attempt to marry, the daughter of the rich old Dashington.

Fre. That is, if I like her, and she likes me.

Sir F. The matrimonial pill will be well gilded, at any rate.

Fre. Oh, I care not a jot for the paltry guineas; a million of them should not make me marry a girl I did not love. Heart for heart, if you like it: 'tis a fair exchange; but to barter the best feelings of human nature for dirty acres—to sacrifice one's liberty for paltry gold, and deceive a warm-hearted woman into a belief that your affection for her property extends to her person—is like deluding the poor innocent Indians out of their precious metals, and giving them in return a useless trinket. But I see Mrs. Modely gives a masked ball to-night: are you going?

Sir F. I was on the point of starting; (*Aside*) I do not wish him to go, though; (*Aloud*) but won't you try your luck here first?

Fre. No, I hate dice as I hate the devil, and I believe they are first cousins; for I never yet saw a gaming-table where the gentleman did not lose his manners, the good-natured man his temper, the wit his gaiety, and all, their money.

Sir F. A pretty sermon in the goddess's own temple!
But how do you go to-night, masked or unmasked?

Fre. Why, as I wish to see Miss Dashington while I am yet unknown to her, I have kept my sister ignorant of my arrival, and intend to take advantage of a disguise. If I like her, I'll throw my mask in the air, and myself at her feet; swear that I'll love her for ever, and make her Mrs. Freeland to-morrow.

Sir F. And if the contrary?

Fre. I've four horses harnessed to carry me back to Dover; a steamer in waiting to waft me to Calais, where my britscha is packed in readiness on the pier to bear me to Paris; so, you see, I am prepared for retreat. Adieu! au revoir, and to-morrow we will compare notes. *[Exit.]*

Sir F. Provided to-night's specimen does not put your four horses into requisition. If not, as love's votaries are blind, as well as himself, I trust his pursuit of the fair Arabella will be too ardent to permit his interference with my projects on his sister; for these brothers will sometimes be troublesome, and put impertinent questions, which I confess I should not know exactly how to answer. *(Calling off)*
My carriage. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Music. *An ante drawing-room at Mrs. Modely's; large folding-doors, through which the ball-room, with lights, card-tables, guests, &c., are seen. An orchestra at the back; guests in fancy dresses, and some in masks, passing to and fro. MRS. MODELY receiving company.*

Mrs. M. Well, thank Heaven, almost every body is here.

Ser. (Without). Lady Sophia Freelove coming up.

Ser. (At the door). Lady Sophia Freelove!

Enter LADY SOPHIA FREELOVE.

Mrs. M. My dear Lady Sophia, I am glad to see you.

Lady S. Sorry I couldn't come before; but the Taglioni was so enchanting—then I just dropped in at half a dozen places in my way from the Opera. Is Freelove here, eh?

Mrs. M. You'll find him at Ecarté. *[Exit Lady Sophia.]*

Ser. (Without). Mr. and Mrs. Moneypenny coming up.

Ser. (Without). The Duke of Oldencourt coming up!

[The Guests cross.]

1st Ser. (Without). The Duchess of Snarlington going down!

Duchess. Ah, Mrs. Modely! how I envy you such a squeeze—such a crowd of carriages—quite delightful, I declare! Do you know, Lord Squander's pole came right through the pannel of my carriage! I was so frightened; but it was so delightful to have such a crowd of carriages! I suppose Modely is not here yet? [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. No, he is not, indeed. (*To herself*) He is still absent, still determined to shun his house—still the victim of this absurd passion for what he deems fashionable life, which he unhappily thinks totally incompatible with domestic respectability.

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

(*Aside*) Ha! Sir Frederick here! and without Modely! I begin to dread the influence which his apparent sympathy creates.

Sir F. My dear Mrs. Modely, you see I use the privilege of being domesticated, and venture to your drawing-room unannounced.

Mrs. M. I thought—I was in hopes Mr. Modely would have accompanied you.

Sir F. So, in fact, was I; but he requested me to come and relieve you in doing the honours of your house—(*Half aside*) Insensible to the delight of doing them himself in participation with such a wife!

Mrs. M. (*Aside*) Imprudent man! Oh! thank ye, Sir Frederick, but my labour is over.

Sir F. But you look pale and fatigued. Ah, Mrs. Modely, you know not the admiration your conduct excites.

Mrs. M. (*Interrupting him*) Nay, nay, Sir Frederick; I entreat —

Sir F. (*Respectfully*) I humbly beg your pardon; but the heart will sometimes speak; and where it feels too warmly, judgment sometimes proves but a bad sentinel to the lips.

Mrs. M. (*Hurriedly and interrupting him*) Ah! here comes Miss Freeland, all life and spirits, all youth and animation.

Enter EMILY FREELAND. Music ceases.

Emi. Ah, my dear madam, you must be fatigued to death with curtsying and “How d’ye do-ing.” I declare I should say it in my sleep for a fortnight to come. Ah! Sir Frederick Sparkington! (*He bows*).

Mrs. M. But are not you fatigued?

Emi. Oh, not at all. I have danced every quadrille, and am engaged three deep now.

Sir F. Then there's little chance for me.

Emi. Oh, Sir Frederick! but why did you come so late? I should have been afraid, though, to have exposed my rustic dancing to your experienced eyes.

Sir F. Rustic! Do you think Taglioni herself could give a grace equal to that which is imparted by the lightness of your heart?

Mrs. M. Come, come—you must not turn my little rustic's brain; but we must not monopolize you, Sir Frederick. There are a hundred people dying for the nod which is to raise them from insignificance; you will oblige me by making Modely's apologies.

Sir F. Your will is my law—even when to obey it gives me the pain of parting from (*Mrs. Modely looks uneasy*) two such objects as Mrs. Modely and Miss Freeland.

[*Exit into the room. Emily gazes, unconsciously, after him in admiration.*]

Mrs. M. (Watching her). Ah! Emily—I begin to be afraid my poor cousin Heartington stands little chance of retaining his place in your remembrance.

Emi. (Confused). Oh dear, yes! I have still the same friendship for Mr. Heartington.

Mrs. M. Friendship—Ah, Emily, Emily, I see how it is—but beware how you suffer the glitter of brilliant talents and shining accomplishments to obscure the more solid virtues of a good heart and a sound judgment, which my cousin Heartington possesses.

Emi. But, my dear Mrs. Modely, what do you mean?

Mrs. M. Nay, forgive me for throwing the slightest shadow on the sunshine of your first introduction. But I would warn you that Sir Frederick Sparkington is everything a woman wishes him to be—but a marrying man; that's all, my love.

Emi. Nay, nay—what can this signify to me? But just returned from the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, no wonder that the fairy land of society should excite my admiration. But the mention of Switzerland brings my poor *protégée* to my remembrance, and her unhappy story makes me melancholy—even here.

Mrs. M. You said, I think, that the husband by whom she was deserted was an Englishman?

Emi. Yes, he had seen and married her on his travels. I found her unprotected—rendered delirious by his continued absence. I remained with her till she recovered, and left her determined, if he did not return, to seek him in England, where she promised to come to me; but I have heard nothing of her since, at which I am surprised.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. Zounds, I feel here quite out of my element—like a fish in a forest. Why the rooms are as full as 'Change at four o'clock; only here the merchandise seems to be small talk—sighs, ogles, and squeezes of the hand—matrimony's at discount—friendship at par, and intrigue at a premium—a large lot of the last two years' comings-out on hand—one or two of the old Tabbies, with elderly spinsters under their protection—made a set even at me—thought to please me by talking about the corn-laws—but old birds are not to be caught with chaff. (*To Emily*) Ah, where's your brother?

Emi. He's not arrived.

Old D. There it is now; these young men, they never come when they are wanted, and are always poking their heads in the way when they are intruders.

Emi. But, my dear Sir, I think my brother shows his wisdom by keeping out of the way of Arabella's attraction, while she is determined to marry another.

Old D. Oh, nonsense! a woman's determination is like the flummery at Mrs. Modely's supper—appears very fine and solid at first, but when attacked, dissolves into a jelly or whip syllabub.

Mrs. M. (*Laughing*). Oh, you will find something solid, I hope.

Old D. No, couldn't, ma'am—couldn't; it's the fashion. Your whole supper, like your guests, in masquerade—popped my fork into a sponge cake in the disguise of a roast chicken—swallowed a piece of sweetmeat for a slice of ham, and washed it down with a rum glass of punch, with no rum in it. But where's Bella?

Emi. Oh, surrounded by a thousand beaux; but I think more particularly engaged with a gentleman who has not unmasked to-night.

Old D. Eh, how, I don't like that; a fellow ashamed

to show his face, shan't have anything to say to Bella. So, Miss Emily, if you'll take the arm of an old fellow, we'll go and seek her. Hang me if the music don't make me merry, and if you would but dance "Sir Roger de Coverley," or "Bobbing Joan," instead of these roundabouts, I'd have a touch at it myself. [*Exit with Emily.*]

Mrs. M. Dear girl, with a heart pure from the hands of nature, all its feelings glowing with unadulterated innocence and gaiety—she treads on flowers, not perceiving the serpent that lurks beneath; but I must preserve her from giving way to her evident admiration of Sir Frederick Sparkington, whose commonplace attentions her inexperience is but too much inclined to construe into more serious views. Yet that he loves somebody, I feel convinced, as well as that he loves unhappily—who can it be? His sympathy with me for Mr. Modley's conduct makes me interested in his happiness.

First Ser. (Announcing) Mr. Heartington.

Mrs. M. Oh, my dear cousin Frank—this is quite an unexpected pleasure! Why, what can have brought you to town?

Enter FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Hea. My weakness—my anxiety—perhaps my folly.—But to you I can confess it—for you are sensible of my devoted affection for Miss Freeland—and I confess I could not remain absent and in suspense a moment longer. Say—oh say—I scarcely dare ask the question—Does Emily—does Miss Freeland still remember me?

Mrs. M. Remember you!—Do you think so lightly of her as to suppose she could forget so old a friend?

Hea. A friend! That word strikes a coldness to my heart. Nay—nay—but tell me—

Mrs. M. No, no; seek her out amidst the gayest of the gay, and judge for yourself; you know Emily too well to imagine her fickle or capricious. [*Exit.*]

Hea. She avoids giving me a plain answer—My fears are not unfounded—a letter informs me that Sir Frederick Sparkington is domesticated in this house—the serpent and the infant in the same cradle. I fear him to be heartless as he is plausible; deceitful as he is brilliant.

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON, behind.

Sir Fre. (Aside.) Heartington here! What the deuce

can have allured him from his retirement? Ho! Heartington, my dear fellow! you are welcome; but I understood you preferred nature,—pure, simple nature, whether in flowers or in females; in lilies or in ladies; whether in sunny streams or sunny eyes; to any and everything in this dull metropolis, where there is nothing but a contest between gas and fog for the empire of the night and day: but you are a sly fellow, and may well say, Nature kept you in the country, when she decked herself in the charms of Emily Freeland.

Hea. Miss Freeland is indeed one of the fairest specimens of nature's workmanship.

Sir F. Right, Heartington. Her eyes are of the celestial blue, which Michael Angelo stole from heaven for his Madona, and her form seems to have been that which has enabled Canova to emulate the statue of the Medicean Venus in the proportions of his own.

Hea. (Aside). Her praises from his lips agonize me.

Sir F. But come, Heartington, let us take the round of the rooms; you will find many an old college friend who will rejoice in your resurrection from your rustic retirement.

Hea. (Aside). The gaiety and music by which I am surrounded seem but the knell to my departed hopes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Music.—Enter HENRY FREELAND (masked) and ARABELLA DASHINGTON.

Ara. Nay—nay—positively—I'll hear no more—though certainly there is one thing in favour of your sincerity; for you show your mask, while the generality of men hide theirs, when they would delude us; it speaks well for your discretion also, since it proves you incapable of giving your countenance to your own folly.

Fre. Nay—nay—give me only as much hope as the chemist leaves of air in the exhausted receiver, in which he tries how long the insect, tortured by his experiments, can live; and my face as well as my heart shall be open to you.

Ara. Hope! Why here's an unaccountable man—require hope upon a first introduction! Why my other lovers are like cameleons—live upon the air.

Fre. But, lady, I will take the other properties of a camelon. I will not only live in the atmosphere of your

attractions, which would be luxury; but my mind, my temper and pursuits, shall take their colour and complexion from your own.

Ara. Oh, horrid! Are you not wise enough to know that every pleasure in life is derived from contrast? I would have a husband gay, when I am grave;—I would have his tears temper my smiles, and my smiles act upon his tears as sunshine on the dew-drops; but now, if I were to listen to all this rhodomontade, pray, Mr. Cameleon, what would you do to deserve my condescension?

Fre. What would I do?—rather ask what I would not do.—Madam, I'd risk my life for you.

Ara. That you do after a fox in the morning, over a bottle at night, or in your tandem in the circle.

Fre. I will fight for you.

Ara. That every gentleman will do for himself, and I never share favours.

Fre. I'd fly from pole to pole for you,—from India to Iceland,—from the torrid tropic to its antipodes.

Ara. So do merchants—to procure spice, tea, sugar, rum, brandy, and cigars. But I choose neither to be classed with the ardent spirits which compose your punch, or the cigars by which our young gentlemen will puff themselves out of all decent society; while men who are not gentlemen puff themselves into it.

Fre. Aye!—but merchants make their fortunes by their exertions. I would go to Siberia to fetch you a muff; to India to fill your scent-bottle, and would pluck the feather which adorns your brow from the ostrich's tail in the back settlements of his native Africa.

Ara. In short, like many others, you would take great pains to little purpose, and go to India or Africa for that which I can procure in St. James's or Regent-street.

Fre. Is there no hope, then, that the most ardent love may in time create a kindred feeling?

Ara. What! do you think love like the measles—catching? or consider it as one of those childish diseases that every body must have once in their lives? Oh, that some Lady Mary Montague would rise and discover a method of inoculation that would mitigate the virulence of the disorder when taken so suddenly and naturally!

Fre. S' death! laughed at?

Ara. Is it not better to be laughed at than frowned upon? and one or the other must be your fate.

Fre. Nay, nay, be serious, for I feel my happiness is in your hands ; and I shall die——

Ara. Die ! what ! die in real earnest ? That will indeed convince me of your sincerity ; but how ?

Fre. Why, if you are indifferent to me, I should die of grief ; if you hated me, I should kill myself ; to remove any one from the face of the earth who was offensive to you ; and if you loved me——

Ara. Aye, what then ?

Fre. Why then I should die of pleasure.

Ara. Well, well, I won't be the death of you ; (*Freeland looking with anxiety*), for I cannot be indifferent to anything that affords me a moment's entertainment. I shall never hate you, because I shall never think enough about you ; and as to loving you——

Fre. Aye, lady, tell me where lies the impediment to that.

Servant (Without). Miss Arabella Dashington stops the way.

Ara. You ask a question, you see, that the very footman can answer ; so farewell, good Mask.

Fre. (*Offering his arm*). Permit me.

Ara. (*With dignity*). Excuse me, Sir, I have known some of you sufficient coxcombs to imagine a lady's taking your arm the precursor to bestowing her hand—and I am so peculiarly circumstanced that I must not give even a pretence for hope, nor a colour to a pretext for coupling the name of Arabella Dashington with that of any person. Good night, Sir.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. Come, Bella, past three, oarriage ready, come along. Oh dear ! oh dear ! these hours will soon make them call me—the late Mr. Dashington.

[*Exit with Arabella.*

[*Servant calling without*—Miss Dashington's carriage !

Fre. As prudent as she is beautiful.

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. Well, Freeland, what think you of her ?

Fre. An encyclopædia could not express my thoughts ; my heart and senses are taken by surprise, and I am twenty ages in love in as many minutes.

Sir F. (*Laughing*). Ha ! ha ! ha !—and told her so, I dare say.

Fre. To be sure I did! Zounds! would you have my heart boil over and give no expression to its feelings?

Sir F. Its froth you mean; but, man, you are a novice. Too soon to profess yourself a lover, is to raise obstacles to your own wishes; conceal your passion till the object wishes for its declaration, till her own inclinations form the vocabulary out of which you may choose your expressions.

Fre. But she says she is peculiarly circumstanced.

Sir F. Your sister's information enables me to solve that mystery. She imagines herself bound by some childish vows of affection pledged at twelve years old to a cousin of fourteen, and is determined to preserve her hand and fortune for one whom she knew but as a boy, and who has been ever since, and now is at this moment on the continent, without any chance of return.

Fre. A cousin? And she has not seen him since he was a boy?

Sir F. Neither she, nor her father.

Fre. Egad, I have an inclination to continue my masquerade. Oh, mischief! thou art swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men. Under the circumstances you mention, my offering myself would produce rejection, you know. I'm an odd fellow, and I'm determined to try my fortune by presenting myself at her father's as this very cousin.

Sir F. Eh, why you would not? (*Aside*) This will keep him out of my way, though—(*Aloud*) An excellent thought, and if I can assist you in the farce, command me.

Fre. Egad, I'll do it. If I make her like me, she will not mind my name; and if I disgust her as her cousin, I'll try my luck as Henry Freeland; so do not mention my arrival.

Sir F. Depend upon my discretion; but don't tell her you love her too soon.

Free. Not tell that I love her? Well, if I must not do it on earth, I may in the air; so I'll go up in the next balloon, whisper my passion to the winds, and write a sonnet to her in the clouds. [*Exit*]

Sir F. In the clouds!—apt place for such lovers who dream like novices, and leave the realities to those who are more experienced. There was a time when I felt thus; when I, taking the semblance of truth for its reality, rushed as warmly to the destruction of my happiness; but perfidy tore the mask from the deceiver, and has left me a reckless

spoiler of others' joys to avenge me for the loss of my own.

Servant (Without). The Duchess of Snarlington's carriage!

Enter THE DUCHESS OF SNARLINGTON.

Duc. (Speaking off). Good night, good night, my dear Mrs. Modely; a most delightful party. Ah, Sir Frederick, I think I heard my carriage called, I'm so glad; these parties are such intolerable bores; and do you know somebody said they recognised a bailiff in livery.

Sir F. Scandal, mere scandal.

Duc. Eh, ah, you are a *friend* of the family,—a bosom friend, I believe; but where is Modely to-night? Is there any difference between him and Madame?

Sir F. Oh dear no, none in the world.

Duc. Oh, only indifference I suppose. Well, good night, dear Sir Frederick.

Sir F. Good night, dear Duchess.

Duc. (Aside). An insidious coxcomb.

Sir F. (Aside). As proud a coquet as was ever fortified in a corset. Well, well, pride will have a fall.

Servant (Without). The Duchess of Snarlington coming down!
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

*SCENE I.—A street, with bills in various windows,
“LODGINGS TO LET.” A great crash and screams without.*

Enter people running across.

First Man. What's the matter?

Second Man. Why, the Portsmouth Regulator has upset the Dover Safety, and given it the go-by—a cab has pitched into a Brentford caterpillar, and it's all up with the omnibuses.
[*Noise and exeunt.*]

Enter OLD DASHINGTON, leading in ANGELICA.

Old D. There, ma'am—there, you are safe now; no bones broken, I hope? All right and tight—no failure, eh?

Ang. Oh, quite well; assez bien à présent, mais—a littel faint—many, many thanks for your politesse.

Old D. Politesse—that's French for politeness. Why, ma'am, what you call politeness we call humanity. If a man sees a lady in the mud, the least he could do would be to pick her out of it.

Ang. Oh, Sir, but mon pauvre domestique, where is he? La Garde, I trust he is safe!

Old D. A tall Frenchman? Oh, yes, I saw him come to the ground between a bundle and a hamper—his nose was in a pickle-jar and his feet in a band-box.

Enter LA GARDE.

La G. Ah, madame! ma maîtresse! quel malheur! quelle horreur! quel diable de diligence—ah! dey so much better in la belle France!

Ang. Ah, mon bon La Garde! I am so happy you are not hurt.

La G. Madame est très bonne. Monsieur, I tank you great deal for you pick up ma maîtresse, and leave me in de mud.

Old D. Don't mention it, Monsieur. Here, ma'am, you seem faint: take my arm.

La G. (*Looking suspiciously*). Non, non, merci, Monsieur, de only arm ma maîtresse take, c'est le mien.

Old D. Why, zounds, mau, do you suspect a man with a pigtail?

Ang. Oh, pardon, Monsieur; La Garde, vous avez —

Old D. You had better look after your baggage, and leave me to take care of your mistress.

La G. (*Looking at Old Dashington*). Ah! ah! c'est vrai, Monsieur a raison; le baggage peut être volé.

Old D. What the devil does he stare at me so for? I'm not a foreigner.

La G. (*Aside*). Oui, oui, I tink I may trust the pigtail, madame;prenez le bras à Monsieur—take his arm, and I will go and look for your trunk.

Ang. Do, do, mon bon La Garde; mais retournez-vous vite.

La G. Oui, oui.

[*Exit.*

Old D. Well, now, tell me where your friends live, and I'll call a coach; but mind you take the number—always take the number.

Ang. Hélas! I have no friends; I am étrangère; 'tis the first time I have put foot on English ground.

Old D. Then I pity you. However, it shall never be said that the unfriended foreigner did not find a heart to welcome and assist her in old England. Have you no letters?

Ang. I had; but I have lost all my papers.

Old D. That's unlucky; but do you know nobody?

Ang. Oh yes! one—one kind English lady.

Old D. Her name?

Ang. Emilie.

Old D. Emily what?

Ang. Hélas! Je ne me souviens pas; I no recollect. It was written in her own sweet hand, mais je l'ai perdue. I have lost it.

Old D. Humph! Her address?

Ang. London.

Old D. Hem! Emily, London—like the name of a ship, not very explicit; don't think I should find it in the directory. What do you mean to do?

Ang. Prendre un logement.

Old D. That means take lodgings. I'm becoming quite a Frenchman, I declare. Why, young woman, you must be careful: London is a wicked place, particularly this end of the town.

Ang. Perhaps, Monsieur aura la bonté to assist me.

Old D. I will; let us see—plenty of lodgings hereabout (*reading bills*). “A Third Floor unfurnished, with other Conveniences”—that won’t do. “Lodgings for single Men, and Gentlemen breakfasted and done for”—that’s not quite the thing. “Apartments furnished”—this looks likely; so I’ll knock (*knocks*); with my reference they will receive you immediately.

Ang. Ah, monsieur, the stranger’s heart shall bless you.

Enter MRS. COMMODOE.

Old D. Good morning, good woman, you have lodgings to let, I see.

Mrs. C. Yes, Sir, as comfortable a first floor as was ever swept or dusted.

Old D. This young lady, a particular friend of mine (*Aside*), I must say she is a particular friend (*Aloud*), wants some quiet, snug, and respectable lodgings, and I should think, from your look, now, that yours must be just the thing.

Mrs. C. Sir, I’m sure I shall be happy—but, you know —

Old D. Oh, I forgot; there there’s my card: I’ll be responsible for her (*Giving a card*).

Mrs. C. (*Aside*), The rich Mr. Dashington! Oh, Sir, the lady is vastly welcome, and I’ll take every care of her.

Ang. Ah, Sir, how shall the poor foreigner thank you!

Old D. There, never mind thanks (*To Mrs. Commode*); she has been just overturned in the Dover coach.

Mrs. C. Overturned! Bless me, ma’am, you had better set yourself to rights directly (*Calling in at the door*). Sally, Sally, take the shavings out of the grate, and make a fire in the drawing-room.

Old D. There, there, go in and repose yourself; I will go and bring your servant and your luggage.

Ang. Heaven will reward your bonté. (*Kisses his hand and exit.*)

Mrs. C. Walk in, ma’am, walk in, you will find every thing snug, clean, and comfortable (*Going*).

Old D. I say, ma’am, come here (*Returning*). Now mind, if she wants for any thing, send for me. Do you understand?

Mrs. C. (*Looking cunning*). Oh yes, Sir, I understand.

Old D. But I say, be cautious, because, you see, as gentlemen at my time of life might be suspected of something improper, in spite of my pigtail—Eh, you understand me?

Mrs. C. Oh, perfectly; never fear me.

Old D. You know she may want assistance, and I should like to assist her; and every thing of this kind I like to do as secretly as possible.

Mrs. C. No doubt of it, Sir; you are perfectly right, Sir, and I'll take care (*Cunningly*). Oh! you may depend upon me, I assure you. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Well, I'll be off after the servant. But, now, what could make that woman look so cunning, and grin and wink her eye? It must be a cursed bad world if one can't give way to the warmth of one's heart without being suspected of a bad motive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Modely's library; books, money, and bills on the table.

MODELY discovered reclining on a sofa, reading letters.

Mod. "Mr. Shapely requests payment;" pshaw. (*Opening another*). "Having called upwards of twenty times—" (*Throwing it on one side and taking up another*.) "Sir, the bill which was due a week since, and on which I fully depended—" (*Throwing it aside*). Zounds! nothing but tradesmen's letters; these devils become quite impertinent. Dun, dun, dun, I wish I could say not at home to the postman. (*Opening another*.) "Dear Modely, our account for écarté on Thursday, stands thus: hem, hem! balance in my favour, seven hundred—Yours, DASHALL." That must be paid. (*Opening another*.) "In making up my book for the Doncaster, my dear Modely, I find the trifling balance of 850*l.* on the Leger." That must be settled. Zounds! my gambling accounts are as complex as a merchant's ledger, and the only difference is that in my book it is all debt and no credit.

Enter FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Ah! my dear Heartington, you come just in time to break a string of melancholy reflections which were just overwhelming me with blue devils.

Hea. What can the blue devils have to do with the gay and fashionable Mr. Modely? Who introduced them?

Mod. Faith, they introduced themselves; the mornings of a man of fashion are different from his evenings.

Hea. So are those of the drunkard, a morning's headach and repentance is the fruit of his evening's intoxication.

But, Modely, why not act for yourself? you hate gaming, and yet you are become a gamester; you were wont to be temperate, now you are a four bottle man; you used to detest intrigue, and you are fast degenerating into a fashionable libertine!

Mod. Nay, nay, I merely play hazard, and enter my horses at Newmarket as other people do; I drink as other people do; and as to intrigue, why you know a man of fashion must have his little li-aisons, of that kind.

Hea. But, Modely, as your gambling associates leave traces of their inroad upon your fortune, are you not afraid that your intriguing friends may make an inroad upon your domestic peace and honour? Eh! it would be but fashionable; it would be but like other people.

Mod. Heartington, you have touched a tender point; for, to confess a truth to you, in spite of all my assumed indifference, I still love my wife, passionately love her; you will call it weakness.

Hea. Weakness! it is virtue. Fly to her, Modely, entreat forgiveness for your neglect; repay her by the confession of your affection, and my life for it you will make her a happier woman, and yourself a happier man.

Mod. Would you make me the jest of the world, the butt of the wit, the ridicule of the impertinent? No, no! besides, I dread lest my apparent indifference may have engendered a real coldness on her part. She gives too willingly into my whims. She hears of my intrigues with too much sang froid; and though she knows—for there is always some damned good-natured friend to tell of my pursuits—I have not yet seen a frown upon her brow, I have not yet missed her cheering smile of welcome at my return.

Hea. So, then, you would quarrel with her very excellence?

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. Ah, Heartington here, administering a dose of Seneca after your souchong, no doubt; but I tell you, once for all, it will not do, Modely is a proselyte of mine, pleasure and fashion light us on our paths, and he will attain them both.

Hea. Well, then, I must leave him in your hands; but, Modely, I wish to see Miss Freeland, is she visible?

Sir F. Oh yes, you will find her in the drawing-room,

where I have just left her (*aside*), with quite enough elegant flattery to prevent the effects of any of his homely truths.

Hea. (Aside). I will know the worst at once from her own lips. Gentlemen, good morning. [*Exit.*]

Sir F. Why, Modely, one would imagine that the mercury of your disposition had amalgamated with a portion of Heartington's lead.

Mod. Eh, no, no, you mistake—but—

Sir F. Nay, if you begin with that abominable disjunctive, I am sure of it. However, I've that for you will make your heart beat and your eyes sparkle—here's a letter from our convenient friend, from Mrs. Commode.

Mod. Ha! and what new game has she started?

Sir F. Listen. (*Reading*)—"Honoured Sir," (these women always honour us) "I have, in my first floor, a very interesting foreign young lady," (foreign, think of that) "who has only just arrived in England, fresh from the continent." (Some artiste or danseuse, no doubt.) "Should you or Mr. Modely honour me with a visit, I could introduce you, and, if I am any judge, I don't think you could have reason to regret the trouble—Your obsequious servant, MARTHA COMMODE."—And so much for the most commodious Mrs. Commode.

Mod. An interesting foreigner, young, beautiful; I'm on fire!

Sir F. Aye, young and beautiful, and my friendship is so strong that I resign her to you. A foreign mistress will give you an éclat. There, take the letter and begone; for though she says she confines her information to us, I have little doubt but she has sent a circular to all the young men about town.

Mod. I'm off; but yet—

Sir F. Nay, nay, no scruples; and in the evening give me a description of this interesting foreigner.

Mod. I will, and doubt not to bring you an account of my success. [*Exit.*]

Sir F. My poor friend now occupies his whole time in sinning and repenting; I can only keep his fashionable propensities alive by fresh ridicule, and by new objects. But a pair of black eyes and novelty are sure to illuminate the gas of his volatile nature, and set him in a blaze. But is he the first such things has led to ruin? Could I but obtain the same influence over his wife, I should be satisfied. Ah!

is it come to this? He is the victim of vanity; I of my unruly passions—passions to which malice and habit permit unbridled influence; because when they were virtuous they were betrayed; yet I cannot but feel that this ruthless heart of mine was made for better things. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Apartments at Old Dashington's.

Enter HENRY FREELAND, shown in by PETER.

Fre. Well, then, Peter—since your name is Peter—tell your master that a person wants to see him on the most pressing business.

Pet. I will, Sir.

[Exit.]

Fre. Well, here I am to represent a person I never saw in my life; but a flourish of obedience and duty, mingled with a little pathos, will make a nephew, a cousin, and a lover of me at once. Eight years' absence must have produced such a difference, that they will not easily recognize this relation of theirs.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. Interesting business! I dare say the little Swiss girl. Sir, your very humble servant. You have business—

Fre. (With pretended agitation). Yes, Sir; business of a most interesting nature.

Old D. Aye, about a young girl, isn't it?

Fre. No, indeed; from quite another quarter.

Old D. Oh! the City end, I suppose! What, are stocks getting up?

Fre. Not that I know of, Sir.

Old D. Are the dividends paid on the foreign loans?

Fre. Not, Sir, that I'm acquainted with. But my business has nothing to do with stocks.

Old D. What is it, then?

Fre. Calm your agitation, and prepare your mind, Sir.

Old D. Eh? What, has anybody waddled?

Fre. Waddled! No, Sir; but—

Old D. Aye, is there any great failure?

Fre. Not that I've heard of, Sir.

Old D. Then what the devil is it?

Fre. Does not the voice of nature speak within you?

Old D. A voice within me! Do you take me for a ventriloquist? And what the devil should it say, if it did speak?

Fre. Why, that you are my uncle—my honoured uncle ; and that I'm your dutiful nephew.

Old D. What ! my nephew—little Tom ! The devil !

Fre. No, Sir, little Tom—your nephew. (*Rushing into Dashington's arms.*) My dear uncle !

Old D. Keep off !—keep off, I say ! You take my breath away.

Fre. What; with my sudden appearance ?

Old D. No ; with your sudden squeeze. But zounds ! I shouldn't have known you from Adam : you are nothing like what you used to be.

Fre. Ah, my dear uncle ! (*Treading on his toe, while attempting to embrace him.*)

Old D. (*In pain.*) Eh—yes, you are—you are quite like what you used to be. You always trod on that identical toe. —(*Aside.*) He'll spoil all my plans.—But look you now, Tom, my dear Tom—since you are Tom,—(*Aside*) I wish he was at the devil,—(*Aloud*) among relations there should be no secrets.

Fre. Certainly not, Sir. Unbosom yourself in full confidence to me, Sir

Old D. I will. You know you hav'n't got a guinea in the world.

Fre. I dare say I hav'n't, Sir.

Old D. And you know that you are an extravagant dog.

Fre. I dare say I am, Sir.

Old D. And that I allow you an annuity.

Fre. I dare say you do, Sir.

Old D. (*Angrily.*) Dare say.

Fre. I mean, Sir, certainly.

Old D. Well, now then, my dear Tom, I'll double it, if you will quit my house this minute, and never darken my doors again.

Fre. How !—turn me out of doors, my dear uncle ?

Old D. Yes, my dear nephew. There was some nonsense between you and Arabella and Aunt Bridget which must be forgotten ; for I am determined Bella shall marry nobody else than Harry Freeland, whether she likes him or not.

Fre. (*Aside.*) Harry Freeland ! Excellent, tender-hearted father !

Old D. And you wouldn't stand in the way, would you ?—you would not prevent it ?

Fre. Heaven forbid, Sir.

Old D. There's a good fellow—you are a model for

nephews; so get you gone directly. Be a good and dutiful relation, and get out of my house as soon as you can.

Ara. Oh, papa! my dear papa!

Old D. Zounds! here she comes. Now be silent. She won't know you any more than I did.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ara. Oh, papa! there's a man in the library—a Jew, I believe. He tells me that my cousin Tom is come to England, and will be here in a few hours.

Fre. The devil he will. A pretty scrape I shall be in.

Ara. He wishes to speak to you, papa, upon some business which concerns my cousin Tom most particularly.

Old D. (To Henry, suddenly). That concerns you—Who is it?—what is it? (*Recollecting himself.*) Confound my tongue, what have I said?

Ara. (Eagerly) Ah! what did you say? Did I hear right?

Old D. (Confusedly). No, no; nothing at all—(*Standing between her and Henry.*) I was merely appealing to this gentleman—he's a stockbroker. I thought he might know this Jew.

Ara. No, no; you cannot deceive me. Your own words, his earnest gaze, my own heart, and memory, all—all confirm the supposition (*Running to Henry*). My dear cousin, it is yourself—it is your very self, my dear cousin Tom!

Old D. There, she has recognized him in a minute.

Ara. And do I again behold you? But how much you are changed—quite a different creature—isn't he, papa? But still there is the same expression of countenance—the same eyes—Oh, his dear features are stamped on my memory.

Old D. Yes, and his infernal heels are stamped on my toe. I should never have known him, but the first thing he did was to tread on my gouty toe; the same toe he trod on eight years ago. But I forgot the Jew gentleman in the library; as you seem not to know him, Tom, I will go and see what he wants. (*Aside to Henry.*) Remember our bargain—not a word of love, and I'll double the annuity.

Fre. Sir, your nephew will never say a word about love to his cousin, depend upon it (*Aside*), if I can help it.

Old D. That's right; and if you wish to be a dutiful nephew, a good relation, and an affectionate cousin, just contrive to make her hate you a little—will you, you dog?

[*Exit.*]

Ara. And so you are come back from your wandering at last. How many hours I have passed in recalling our early days; and you—have *you* forgotten them?

Fre. Forgotten them!—impossible! Believe me I never can forget (*Aside*) that which I never knew.

Ara. But now tell me—do you remember all the delightful walks we used to take together—and the day before you left us, when we were caught in the rain, such a delightful day, the clouds poured down in torrents (*Significantly*)?

Fre. We got wet through, I dare say—what the devil can she mean?

Ara. (*Pettishly*). What! have you forgotten? You sheltered me under your cloak, Sir, you know, and called yourself my Celadon—

Fre. Yes, and you my Amelia (*Aside*)—of course Celadon and Amelia.

Ara. And then you were so bold as to kiss me.

Fre. (*Aside*). Kiss her!—Zounds I don't half like this, cousin Tom—(*To Arabella*)—Oh, but I was so young then, a mere boy.

Ara. No such *boy*, Sir—you were full fourteen—

Fre. (*Aside*). Kissed her at fourteen, the young Turk.

Ara. You left us on the following day, and, of course, you recollect our mutual promises?

Fre. Oh, all—all—I hav'n't forgotten one of them.

Ara. You remember our mutual agreement? (*Looking upwards and pointing.*)

Fre. (*Confused but imitating*). Yes, oh yes—what, up there—oh, I—

Ara. I have never failed at the appointed time and hour.

Fre. Oh, no—nor I, never. (*Aside*) What can she mean?

Ara. And the pretty air you used to sing—pray let me hear it again?

Fre. (*Aside*). What shall I do now? (*To Arabella*), Certainly; only upon my soul I've lost my voice.

Ara. Well, but the words cannot have escaped your memory—repeat the words, Sir, directly, Sir.

Fre. (*Confused*). Oh, the words! yes—but really—ah, pardon.

Ara. That's right, only in Italian you know: "Ah perdona"—

Fre. Il primo affetto.—(*Aside*)—Bravo, I've hit it again. I shall believe I *am* cousin Tom at last.

Ara. Delightful; he remembers every thing. Oh my dear cousin Tom—

Fre. (*Embracing her*). My charming Arabella.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. (*Separating them*). Eh! what! is this keeping your promise?

Fre. Nay, Sir, these were mere infant recollections.

Ara. My cousin's reminiscences, Sir.

Old D. Oh, curse his reminiscences; you're no longer a boy, Sir, and I'll have no child's play here—you must quit my house directly.

Fre. My dear uncle!

Ara. My dear papa!

Old D. Yes, and my dear nephew—a pretty piece of business you have made of it; this Jew has let me a little into your goings on, that will lead you to your going off.

Fre. Sir, I assure you, I am quite ignorant.

Old D. Oh, yes—ignorant indeed, and this is'nt your signature—do you deny that, Sir? (*Showing a paper*)—"Thomas Bluntly"—

Fre. I can't deny it, my dear uncle, but—

Old D. You must go to usurers; make use of the credit of my name—of the respectable firm of Dashington and Co.—and Mr. Absalom says there are plenty of these in the market.—But, remember, I'll pay no more of them.

Ara. How, cousin! is all this true? Have you really been guilty of—

Fre. (*Running to her*). Oh no, no indeed, it is true that at the first glance there may appear—

Old D. But this is not the worst, Sir—Mr. Absalom, who comes from Geneva, says that there is something worse—something serious he told me, with a shake of his head; that I should know but too soon.

Ara. Cousin, cousin, what does this mean?

Fre. The devil take the Jew for getting me into such a scrape. (*To Arabella*.) Upon my soul—I do not know—it is impossible that anything—

Ara. (*Interrupting him*). Impossible! But I insist upon knowing. Ah, you hesitate! Is it indeed so terrible?

Fre. (*Aside*). What the devil shall I say?

Ara. And are you then so changed that you will not confide in poor Arabella? (*Pettishly*) But your heart is no longer the same, Sir; you have forgotten the promise you made when we parted. To tell me all, Sir, do you not remember your parting words, and the exchange of our

rings? When you put this upon my finger, and which I have sacredly kept for your sake (*Looking at Henry's hand and seizing it suddenly*)—but where is yours? where the pledge of my early affections? (*Freeland hesitates, and looks confused.*) Where is it, I say? It ought never to have quitted your hand, Sir.

Fre. Upon my word, my dear cousin, it so happens that I have outgrown it, and have it not about me at this moment.

Old D. This is good, mighty good;—this will cause a quarrel.

Ara. Outgrown it! when it became too small for your middle finger, you might have put it on the little one; mine, Sir, has by turns found a place on all. Ungrateful man! but I see it all—you are false, and have given it to another.

Old D. Most likely, or perhaps sold it to the Jew.

Fre. How can you imagine—

Ara. I can imagine the worst. Perfidious man!—I would have forgiven you everything—your debts—your evil-doings—everything in the world—all might have been forgotten; but to part from my ring—'tis too much—farewell for ever. I will forget you—banish you from my thoughts, and give my hand and heart to Henry Freeland directly. [*Exit.*

Old D. Egad! this is famous. Well done, Bella,—and, as I hear he is come up to town, I'll go and write him an invitation immediately. And now, my dear nephew, the sooner you go the better; for I dare say, from the Jew's grave looks, your crime is at least a hanging matter; and, to say the truth, I should not like a nephew of mine to be hanged—within the bills of mortality. [*Exit.*

Fre. A precious business I have made of this plot of mine. Quarrelled with my mistress—disgusted her father—accused of some unknown, desperate crime, and turned out of the house. So much for cousin Tom.

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. Well, Freeland—I have just popped in to inquire what success?

Fre. Oh, complete. The old gentleman received me with the greatest affection, and has just turned me out of doors.

Sir F. And the lady—

Fre. Recognized me as her cousin and lover, and discarded me directly. So I am off to Modely's to receive a

letter which will invite me to try my luck as Harry Freeland, instead of Thomas Bluntly.

Sir F. (Starting). Bluntly—Bluntly—did you say?

Fre. Yes, Thomas Bluntly is the name of this cursed cousin, who, when he arrives, may be as successful a rival of Harry Freeland as he is now attempting to be to him. But I must be off to announce my arrival to my sister, and enlist her and Mrs. Modely in my interest; for I dread Arabella's first knowledge of my deception. [*Exit.*]

Sir F. This I did not calculate upon—Bluntly here, the honest John Bull whom I met abroad, exaggerating the plain customs of his country—abusing the frippery of foreigners, and whom I knew only while I was travelling incognito. He knows not of my real name; but should he meet me here, he may disclose scenes and circumstances which I wish buried in oblivion. This name has called a pang to my heart, that proves it not to have forgotten one to whose beauties it owed the brightest moments of its happiness—to whose perfidy it owes its present recklessness of all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Mrs. Commode's Lodgings.

Enter MRS. COMMODE and MR. MODEL.

Mrs. C. You are welcome, Mr. Modely; and I will immediately send my pretty lodger to you.

Mod. Depend upon it, Mrs. Commode, you shall not repent your complaisance; but under what pretence will you introduce me?

Mrs. C. Oh, she has been telling me some story about her being deserted abroad; and has been talking about the law—so I'll say you are a solicitor.

Mod. A solicitor! well, at any rate, it will serve for an introduction to my suit.

Mrs. C. She has got a tall Frenchman with her, but I'll keep him out of the way. [*Exit.*]

Mod. A pretty sort of personage that; but whenever we want to lure anything into a trap, nothing serves the purpose so well as one of its own kind. (*Seeing Angelica*) Upon my word, she does look innocent enough to deceive the devil.

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Ah! votre serviteur (*Curtseying*). Sir, your servant; you will excuse my foreign tongue.

Mod. The sound of such a voice would make any language intelligible.—It speaks to the heart.

Ang. You are very good. My landlady tell me that you are avocat—solicitor, and capable to give me very good advice.

Mod. I am indeed a solicitor, and will give you excellent advice—the best advice in the world, if you will but take it.

Ang. Oh, fear not that. I am one étrangère in de strange land; but you are a lawyer, and you will be my friend n'est pas.

Mod. A friend! (*aside*)—yes—yes—a lawyer and a friend. Not quite synonymous.

Ang. Ah, then you will aidez moi—assist me; you'll tell me the best thing I can do in this country, where I come to seek a husband.

Mod. The devil you are (*aside*). You wish to marry?

Ang. Hélas! I have been married.

Mod. And your husband—Is he dead, then?

Ang. (*Agitated*). Dead!—dead!—Oh, ciel!—Heaven forbid! and yet is he not dead to me—dead to poor Angelica!

Mod. He has deserted you, then?

Ang. Inspired by unfounded jealousy, he quitted me.

Mod. Unfounded! hem! and you have never seen him since?

Ang. No, never since. Moon passed after moon, and no intelligence, till I was tired of sitting on de high mountain, and looking upon de road by which I expected him to return. Den de poste come every day, and every day my heart was sick with disappointment. Den come melancholie and sorrow, and the taunts and scorn of my companions, till despair did drive me mad. An angel of an Englishwoman did watch over and console me, and did save my life; and I am now here to seek my husband in his own country. Pardon me that I weep at these sad souvenirs.

Mod. (*Aside*) I could almost believe her innocent. What is your husband's name, pray?

Ang. Sutherland; do you know him?

Mod. Sutherland—Sutherland—I know him not. Have you found no protector since your arrival here?

Ang. Ah, yes—one who gave me his protection for a short time, and who placed me here. This is his card. (*Giving Old Dushington's card.*)

Mod. (*Starting*) Dashington!—The old civic libertine—he has brought his freedom of the city to this end of town, —(*Aloud*) and he placed you here?

Ang. Yes, Sa'ar. But pray assist me to discover Sutherland !

Mod. Nay, nay ; why waste your tears and sighs on one whom you will never see again, when you have here, at your feet—at your command—a substitute capable and willing to be your friend—nay, nay, do not withdraw your hand.

Ang. Ha, I no understand. But you look—your eyes do affright me. Is it that you mean to insult me ?

Mod. No, no, far from it.

Ang. Ah, Sir ; I have said something in my ignorance of your language that you have not understand. You will not insult the poor and desolate foreigner.

Mod. Nay, nay ; this is carrying fastidiousness too far. Come now, be reasonable—be kind—and everything that can command—

Ang. (*With dignity*). And is this de far-famed generosity of de English.

Mod. Generosity ! (*Aside*) Oh, she wants me to be definitive. (*Aloud*) My sweet creature, I will be as generous as your heart can wish—you shall have a complete establishment—cabriolet for the morning, a *vis-a-vis* for the evening, a box at the Opera, a cottage with green blinds, exotics, and a well-taught parrot—in short, every delight of a woman's heart.

Ang. Away, Sir, away—leave me. Ah ! how could I draw down this insult ! Oh ciel, avez pitié de la pauvre Angélique !

Mod. Come, now, have done with these heroics, and listen to reason (*Approaching her to seize her in his arms*).

Ang. Oh, unhand me—if you are gentilhomme, unhand me.

Mod. Nay, this is folly—Then I must.

[*He seizes her in his arms—she screams*].

Enter LA GARDE, Angelica flies to him for protection.

Ang. Ah, La Garde—sauvez moi !

La G. (*Standing between them*). Ha ! ha ! Qu'est-ce que c'est, ma maîtresse ? Madame offensée, insultée ! Sir, Monsieur, you von dam English—Vot you mean ?

Mod. (*Aside*). The French valet, I perceive. Quite in règle.

Ang. Ah, La Garde—mon bon La Garde—do not make him angry.

La G. Angry—vot signify his anger.

Mod. Here, here is my purse, leave us. I will not harm the lady.

La G. (*Taking purse and throwing it away*). De purse, me vant no purse—ah, you Englis be de true marchants—you tink you can buy everything wid de gold—virtue, honour, everyting for de vile paltry money—mais vous vous trompez; you sal see dat the pauvre Frenchman's honour, de poor desolée foreigner's virtue be proof against your detestable gold.

Ang. Leave us—leave us, Sir. You found us unhappy, you have made us more so—you found a heart wounded by misfortune, you have made the wound to bleed afresh.

Mod. (*Approaching her*). Nay, but lovely creature—

La G. Ha! ne l'approchez pas—get out of de way—or sacre bleu, I will be La Garde de corps de madame. You reach her only through my heart—through the heart of La Garde.

Mod. 'Sdeath! Foiled by a flirt and a menial. What will Sir Frederick say? But she is too charming to be given up thus easily. I will make Mrs. Commode settle this matter for me, as other people do; and so, till you understand me better, fair lady, I wish you good morning.

[*Exit.*]

La G. De rascal—de Grand Fripon—ha, ha!—if I had de long sword what I wore in la Garde Nationale—Ca aurait été différent. Mais n'importe, go, madame—allez, allez-vous—mettez votre schall; we are in de maison dat is not very good. Allons.

Ang. Oh, let us quit this place immediately, my good La Garde; you are my last, my only protector. [*Exit.*]

La G. And I vil protect you to de last—au dernière extrémité—ah voici—la landladi infame.

Enter MRS. COMMODOE.

Mrs. C. What's all this noise about? My friends insulted, and turned out by a beggarly set of French people?

La G. Parbleu, we be no beggar—we pay, we pay. Sacre-bleu! you be de wicked old woman, you tink to make madame no good. Ventre bleu!

Mrs. C. Don't talk to me of blue, you starched hypocrite. Do you suppose I believe your cock-and-bull story?

La G. Eh—Qu'est ce que c'est—l'histoire d'un coq-and-bull—vot you mean? Je ne sais pas coq et de bull. But

madame, votre mémoire, s'il vous plait, votre bill—your dam bill—we shall leave your dam house.

Re-enter ANGELICA, with a shawl and bonnet.

Ang. Come, come, my good La Garde, we will quit this place, we will go seek de good Mademoiselle Emilie, who was so kind to me in Switzerland. Malheureusement! I have lost the address she gave me, but Providence will direct me. Madame, when next de unfortunate foreigner does seek protection under your roof, do not forget you are a *woman*, nor dare to betray her, as you would have done by me.

La G. Woman! non, non! C'est une tigresse.

[Exeunt La Garde and Angelica.]

Mrs. C. Hoity toity; who'd have thought of a French woman making such a fuss about it!

[Exit.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An apartment at Old Dashington's.

Enter HENRY FREELAND with a letter.

Fre. Upon my word, my little innocent plot has placed me rather in an awkward predicament; turned out of the house as Cousin Tom, I am now invited and announced as Henry Freeland. I half dread the first interview with my vivacious mistress. To do her justice, she did not seem to view me with an unfavourable eye; yet hold, was that occasioned by the remembrance of Cousin Tom, or by the good looks of Henry Freeland?—that is a problem I would give the world to solve, and could almost find it in my heart to defer our interview till I had ascertained the fact, for, unless I do, I feel without it I shall never hear the words “Cousin Tom” without a jealous pang.

Tom Bluntly. (Without). Very well—never mind my name, I'll announce myself.

Fre. Who can this be? (*Retires.*)

Enter TOM BLUNTLY.

Blu. Well, here I am again—old England for ever. Here every thing is snug and comfortable—large grates and coal fires—enclosed fields and snug cottages—round, red and white smiling faces, and foot pavements. Well, I'm glad I'm back again. (*Sees Freeland.*) Beg pardon, Sir—didn't see you. Is the old boy, Mr. Dashington, here?

Fre. No, Sir.

Blu. So much the better.

Fre. (Aside) An original this. And why so, pray?

Blu. Only because I haven't yet made up my mind what to say to him; and as I say anything that comes uppermost, why I like to know what is uppermost. But I say, I'm a plain man—who are you? You seem quite at home, eh?

Fre. Oh quite at home, (*Aside*) considering I have just been turned out of doors.

Blu. Oh, you are, are you? Then you can give me a little information as to how the land lies. We young fellows ought

to help one another; if we didn't, the old ones would be too much for us. I like that physiognomy of yours, 'tis regular English—a real bull-head without the horns—so I'll trust you. You see, I'm in a devil of a scrape.

Fre. A scrape—but how can I help you out of it?

Blu. Why, first, can you tell me if one Absalom, a Jew—a very Shylock—has been here?

Fre. He was here this morning.

Blu. The very thing I feared. Oh, Tom Bluntly, Tom Bluntly, you've the devil's own luck to be sure.

Fre. Bluntly! What, are you Mr. Dashington's nephew?

Blu. Yes, and he is my uncle—that's the natural *sequence*, as we used to say at school. What, you have heard of me, eh? Every body does; never go anywhere without leaving some remembrance—sometimes 'tis a little bill unpaid—sometimes a little something else—but never mind what it is; here I am. I have travelled post, like the prodigal, to confess and repair eight years of continental and incontinental errors—My faults—I have committed abroad; I have brought my repentance home. I dare say this most unchristianlike Jew, now, gave me a devil of a character.

Fre. Why, he has done you no good—he presented this bill, which your uncle paid.

Blu. The good old soul—tender-hearted uncle—the ties of blood, Sir, you see, are irresistible; (*Taking the bill*) my bill, sure enough—and did the Shylock tell of the other affair?

Fre. No; he only hinted at it by ominous shakes of the head and mysterious inuendoes, from which your uncle deduced that you would shortly be—

Blu. Tied up—not far from the truth—(*Aside*) though not in the way he means; if I could but get an interview first without his knowing me and tell my story myself, perhaps I might succeed. My old aunt Bridget—did you know my aunt Bridget?

Fre. I have heard of her.

Blu. She taught me from her romances five or six different and infallible ways to soften the hearts of tiger-hearted fathers and adamant-livered uncles, provided they didn't know you; but how to preserve my *incognito*?

Fre. (*Aside*). A thought strikes me that may satisfy my doubts about Arabella—I think I could put you in a way to accomplish your project.

Blu. No! can you though? I shall be your eternal debtor.

Fre. Oh no! don't reckon me among your creditors; your uncle is this very moment expecting a man whom he never saw, but whom he wishes to be his future son-in-law.

Blu. What! cousin Bella's husband?

Fre. Yes; (*Aside*) Curse his familiarity; well, now as you seem to think that half an hour's *incog.* may do, suppose you were to borrow this gentleman's name for that period—what do you think? eh!

Blu. Excellent—but won't you betray me?

Fre. So far from it, I'll contrive to keep him out of the way till you are ready to give him his name back again.

Blu. That's a good fellow; what's the gentleman's name?

Fre. Henry Freeland.

Blu. Freeland, why that's the name of the young lady who was so kind to Angelica; well, then, for the next half hour I am Henry Freeland. But, I say, has he anything particular about him, any little absurdity that I might adopt to satisfy the old boy of my identity?

Fre. None, that I am aware of; unless it be that of now and then lending his name to unworthy people.

Blu. Oh, well; if he does that, there's no harm in my borrowing it. But, I say, who are you?

Fre. Oh, I am—I am the nephew of your uncle.

Blu. Oh, a cousin! What, by Aunt Dashington's side, eh?

Fre. Yes, but you mustn't mention me to my uncle; we've quarrelled, and he has just turned me out of doors.

Blu. What, you're in disgrace? you've been at your rigs—eh, well! it runs in the blood; however, depend upon my silence—there's my hand upon it.

Fre. (*Shaking Bluntly's hand*). Ha, that's a very peculiar ring.

Blu. Yes, cousin Bella gave me that when we parted.

Fre. It will betray you if you wear it. I'll keep it till the farce is over; (*Takes ring off*) but I hear them coming—remember you are Henry Freeland, and have just received a letter from Mr. Dashington, inviting you here—success attend you. [*Exit.*]

Blu. But, I say, don't forget the ring! 'tis worth something. He has as pretty a method of drawing off a ring as one would wish to see in a fine summer's day.

Old D. (*Without*). Come along, Bella. Mr. Freeland is here!

Enter OLD DASHINGTON and ARABELLA.

Old D. My dear Mr. Freeland, you're welcome. I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting, but Bella's agitation and timidity, and that sort of thing—

Blu. Don't mention it—I'm up to 'em all.

Old D. Come, Bella; welcome Mr. Freeland.

Ara. You are welcome, Sir, to England.

Blu. Thank ye, Bella—thank ye. (*She looks surprised—he remembers himself*). I beg your pardon, Miss Dashington.

Ara. (*To Dashington*). I'll mannered familiarity.

Old D. Nonsense, only modern good manners; none of your French frippery.

Blu. True, I hate French frippery; 'tis like the froth to Yorkshire stingo, without the good beer at the bottom of it.

Ara. (*Aside to Dashington*). Stingo and beer! Faugh, so different from my cousin.

Old D. (*To Arabella*). True, better looking—finer face—better made—better manners; and so you are returned, heart whole, from the Continent—that's right, my boy, England is the only place to choose a wife in, isn't it?

Blu. Oh yes, Sir; here woman is all reality—there all furbelows and flounces, isn't it, ma'am? (*Aside*). Bella seems rather proud.

Old D. Did you ever meet with my scapegrace of a nephew abroad, one Bluntly—a terrible dog?

Blu. Oh, yes, I met him once or twice—a terrible dog, as you say; rather wild—but with a heart—a heart sound as a roach.

Ara. Yes—there, papa—I said he'd a good heart.

Blu. You're right, he has a good heart—ay, and a good appetite. We used to breakfast together—he was a devil of a fellow for toast and muffins. What time d'ye dine?

Old D. Oh, not till seven. Bella here can't dine till supper-time, people's appetites never come till seven, at this end of the town.

Blu. Not till seven! I shall be famished. But I say, old gentleman, as we have a little business—

Old D. He is a man of business, and will look well after your affairs; never outrun the constable, will you?

Blu. (*Aside*). Never, unless he is running after me; then I'll put my best leg foremost.

Old D. Well, step into my private room, and we will order luncheon, and settle the preliminaries.

Blu. Right, Sir, arrange the settlement over a sandwich, and determine the pin-money over a pint of madeira. Bella—I mean, Miss Dashington—I kiss your hand.

[*Exit into the room.*]

Old D. There—there's a fellow for you—a cunning dog—business first, and pleasure after—that's the motto for a son-in-law after my own heart.

[*Exit into the room.*]

Ara. But not after mine—a lover, indeed! and think of eating and drinking! A lover, and like a sandwich better than a sentiment!

Enter HENRY FREELAND, behind.

Fre. Now to see what impression the real cousin has made.

Ara. And this is the man for whom I have given up my cousin Tom—for whom I have promised never to see him more—never, heigho! Well, he shall never know the pain it costs me to part with my early hopes. Yes, my aunt Bridget was right—first love can never be eradicated.

Fre. (aside). Hem! my representative has not made much way.

Ara. (seeing him). Ah! you are still here, Sir, after my father's strict injunctions to leave the house for ever.

Fre. I could not depart, without saying once more adieu to my charming cousin.

Ara. You will do well, Sir, to go and forget everything that has passed between us, as—as—I do. (*Sighing*).

Fre. Well, well, I see how it is; this Mr. Freeland has completely banished every thought of your poor cousin Tom.

Ara. What I think of Mr. Freeland can be of no interest to you, Sir; it is I who am to marry him, and surely I may be mistress of my own thoughts, respecting my future husband.

Fre. What, would you marry him without loving him?

Ara. And who told you, pray, that I didn't love him? perhaps I do; and if I don't, there'll be more merit in obeying my papa, Sir.

Fre. Then you can forget me?

Ara. Did you not set me the example?

Fre. Say, rather, that you never loved me.

Ara. Ungrateful! why have I refused twenty offers that would have made others dance with joy, but for your sake? And why did I only last night refuse to listen to a tale of

love and protestations of passion — disagreeable to no woman's ears—but for the remembrance of those early vows of disinterested affection, which I had remembered, but which *you* had forgotten?

Fre. Last night?

Ara. Yes, Sir—last night, at Mr. Modely's—a most delightful man, Sir; if Mr. Freeland had but preferred his suit, and declared his passion, as this unknown did, I should not have found it so difficult to obey my papa.

Fre. (Aside). By heavens, it was myself. *(Aloud)* Well then, Arabella, since everything is over between us; since we are to part for ever, and all our early vows are to vanish into the thin air, I thus resign all my future hopes with this ring, which you gave me as a solemn pledge of your fidelity.

Ara. (Seeing the ring). Good heavens, the ring—my ring; and you have not given it to another—you haven't sold it to the Jew. Yes, it is the same, the very same! Wicked, wicked cousin, to give me so much pain.

Fre. It is true—I have acted ill.

Ara. Never mind; you have debts, my fortune shall liquidate them—you have got into disgrace, your future conduct will prove it only temporary—you are faithful—you have not parted from my ring, and I care for nothing else in the whole world.

Fre. But Mr. Freeland——

Ara. Never mention his name. He may eat his luncheons by himself; he is odious to me.

Fre. But your father——

Ara. Leave him to me. He may oppose me at first; but he loves me too well not to make any sacrifice for his daughter's happiness. I'll go and dismiss Mr. Freeland directly. Oh, cousin, cousin! I am so happy that my spirit seems to have given me wings. My heart is as light as the summer's breeze, and my future path seems covered with its flowers. [*Exit.*

Fre. But, my charming Arabella——Gone! and without any explanation! I must prepare her gradually for the discovery; but I care for nothing, since I find she loves me for myself alone, and that I have nothing to fear from that cursed "Cousin Tom." [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Another Apartment in Dashington's.

OLD DASHINGTON and TOM BLUNTLY *finishing luncheon.*

Old D. Mr. Freeland, you're a man after my own heart ; you've a good old English appetite, and I'll have another pint of Madeira with you.

Blu. Aye, and another to that ; why I have not seen such a piece of beef as this, since I left England ;—abroad they always kill their cattle in a consumption, and I am truly glad to return to my old sirloin.

Old D. Ah, the golden days of good Queen Bess. Had we but lived in those times——

Blu. We should have been dead more than two hundred years, which is rather against the probability of any present enjoyment.

Old D. That's true, to be sure.—Well, now to business. These papers, you say, are of consequence ?

Blu. Yes ; they are the proof of the marriage and innocence of a young married woman, whose wrongs I revenged abroad——

Old D. Revenged—how ?

Blu. Why with a quarter of a yard of cold steel. I have a natural antipathy to a naked sword or a loaded pistol ; but, curse me, when an innocent woman is injured by a villain, if I can help drawing the one and discharging the other in her defence.

Old D. I honour you for the sentiment—I've a weakness that way myself ;—I never could see a pretty woman in distress without taking care of her. This morning now—*(Aside)*. No—I won't tell him—he'd make a joke of it.

Enter PETER.

Pet. A young lady wants to see you, Sir, on particular business.

Old D. The devil—what could bring her here now ? pooh, pooh, nonsense—'tis some mistake.

Pet. No, Sir, it ain't—she show'd me your card, and she is a Frenchwoman.

Blu. A Frenchwoman—shall I see her for you, Sir ? Is she pretty, Peter ?

Old D. No—no—show her up—*[Exit Peter]*—'Tis somebody about the dividends or stock.

Blu. Foreign stock, I suppose ?

Old D. So, Mr. Freeland, I'm thinking Arabella will be missing you—a little attention, you know, in these matters.

Blu. Oh, certainly.—(*Aside*). I do believe uncle Dashington has got an affair of his own—(*Aloud*.) Well, if the fair lady comes about stocks or dividends, I won't stand in the way of business—hey—

Old D. Ah, you may laugh; but you're mistaken—however, don't mention the affair to Bella.

Blu. Oh, ho! I am mute as a mouse; but mayn't I have one peep?

Old D. No, no—Bella will be jealous, and then—

Blu. There'd be the devil instead of the dividends to pay! Well, I'm off—remember the papers—and with regard to your foreign stock—if you should wish to sell out, or make a transfer—why send for me. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Upon my soul, 'tis a strange thing that the Dover coach can't overturn, without my getting into a scrape; however, I won't be imposed upon, I am determined.

Enter ANGELICA.

So ma'am, you've found me out—but why could'nt you send, as I told you?

Ang. Oh, Sir—pardon—pardon; but I have received insult, great insult.

Old D. Insult—from whom—tell me from whom?

Ang. Hélas! I know not—a stranger presented to me by the wicked woman with whom you did leave me.

Old D. Eh, what that snug and comfortable woman—a wicked one?—I'm a magistrate, and I'll commit her.

Ang. Oh—de insulte was so very great, I did quit the house instantly—I had no friend, and I sought you—oh, I was certain you did not know that you left me in danger.

Old D. I know it?—no, indeed—but tell me, my dear, who are you?

Ang. My story is very short—

Old D. Well, I'm glad of that.

Ang. But very melancholy.

Old D. I am sorry for that.

Ang. Oh, Sir, I was happy in my home—beloved by my parents—caressed and flattered by my friends, when an Englishman, travelling, was taken ill at de little auberge in our village—he was removed into our house—

Old D. Very imprudent!

Ang. Attended with de hospitality—nursed till he was

well—but hélas! during this short period, he did contrive to make me love him.

Old D. The devil he did—he was a lucky dog. How did he go about it?

Ang. He so won on me by his sweet language, and de solemn promise—that I did consent—

Old D. Eh—consent—eh—how—to what?

Ang. Unhappy Angelica—to become privately his wife.

Old D. His wife! (*Aside.*) Oh! come, she is an honest woman, and that's something in these days among foreigners.

Ang. Ah yes! his wife—our vows were registered in heaven.

Old D. They had better have been registered in a parish church—the registry you speak of does not stand good in law. People must look sharp after their registrations now-a-days. (*To Angelica.*) Well, and when you were married?

Ang. Then I was happy. The flowers of our garden became fresher and fairer—the fields more green—my native sky more bright—brighter than I had ever thought it before, and the whole world was beautiful.

Old D. Very natural—I don't think the late Mrs. D. thought so.

Ang. But soon his manners changed. He did no longer love to watch the sun sink in the ocean; he did no longer love to sit alone with me in my little bower, and no more ask me to sing de sweet romance of my native country.

Old D. The devil he didn't!—not fond of music, I suppose—a bad ear perhaps?

Ang. A villain poisoned his mind with doubts of—of—ah, I cannot name it—of my fidelity. (*Hiding her face.*)

Old D. Eh—how—what? but I hope—eh?

Ang. I was innocent as the unborn infant. 'Twas all an invention for his own base purposes.

Old D. A heartless scoundrel,—and your husband believed him?

Ang. Ah—yes—and left me. But I am come to seek him; you vil help me?

Old D. To be sure I will. We will advertise him. (*Henry Freeland and Tom Bluntly heard without.*) Eh, zounds! Here comes those scapegraces; they must not find me alone with a pretty girl. Here, my dear, come this way; here—here is my study; you'll be safe there; this is my study, where I pretend to read, and this closet is my sanc-

tum sanctorum. Now don't make a noise, or I would not have you found here for all the world. My character would be gone for ever, and I should never hear the last of it.

Ang. Thanks, Monsieur, thanks. (*Kisses her hand, and exit into room.*)

Old D. (Locks the door). If I don't lock her in, one of those chaps may smell a rat;—or Bella—or the maids—or the men find her out. Upon my soul, I'm in a quandary. To have a pretty girl locked up in my room. Lord—Lord—what would Modely or Sir Frederick say? Zounds, I'm getting quite a man of fashion, with a French girl under my protection. But I must get rid of her; I must seek an asylum for her, and will find some means of punishing the infamy of the woman who would have betrayed the unprotected—one of her sex—to misery. Damn it, now my hand's in, I'm quite a hero. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Drawing Room at Modely's.

EMILY, reading.

Emi. Heigho! there is certainly, as Sir Frederick says, something very captivating in this glowing expression of sentiments. (*Reads.*)

"They live, they breathe, they speak what love inspires,

"Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires."

'Tis strange this palpitation at the thoughts of Sir Frederick.—How different the sensation excited by poor Heartington!

Enter FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Emi. (Aside). Ah! he here, and alone? (*Coldly.*) Mr. Heartington.

Hea. Oh, Emily—Emily—this coldness! this indifference! But I must not complain. I know my doom; yet hear me—hear me—if it be only for the last time.

Emi. I am all attention, Mr. Heartington.

Hea. Alas! Miss Freeland, I have much—much to say, and thought that I had sufficiently tranquillized my feelings to have given utterance to my sentiments without discovering the bursting agonies of a disappointed heart.

Emi. Agonies—the prudent Mr. Heartington talk of agonies?

Hea. Aye, and feel them perhaps more than those who make a superior display of their sentiments. But no matter, I perceive how my plain manners must sink in your

estimation when put in competition with those of a fashionable man, and regret the folly that led me to hope for the favor of one so capable of attracting to her feet even the most brilliant of these competitors.

Emi. (Aside). I feel for him. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, Mr. Heartington, these circumstances only exist in your imagination.

Hea. Alas! they exist in sad reality. I feel my inferiority. I cannot dress out my sentiments in that glowing language which gives plausibility even to sophistry, and which would render truth irresistible.

Emi. (In a softer voice). Such virtues and good sense as Mr. Heartington possess will always ensure the esteem they merit, would he but exert them in a direction where they would be properly appreciated.

Hea. There is but one direction, Miss Emily, in which I wished the very few qualifications I possess to gain ascendancy;—but one object in the world to whom I can truly and sincerely devote them—that object is lost to me, and all my hopes for happiness in this life are blasted for ever.

Emi. (Half tenderly). Nay, Mr. Heartington.

Hea. Hold! raise not the glimmering of a hope, which I know must be instantly extinguished. I see it in your altered manners; I read it in your frigid looks; I understand; I feel it from your indifference, when memory paints thee as thou once wert—kind, obliging, may I say affectionate. Oh, Emily, it is in these retrospections, that I experience sensations nearly allied to frenzy.

Emi. (With a burst of tenderness). Oh, Frank, dear Frank, spare me—spare me.

Hea. Frank, dear Frank? and do I hear that name again from my Emily—my own Emily's lips? Oh, repeat it, and I am your slave for ever. It is true I cannot display a blaze of wit that excites the admiration of my auditors. I have no personal accomplishments to dazzle the beholders, and make my wife the envy of her neighbours; I cannot dress up my affection in the fastidious terms of modern sentiment; but I can offer you the firm love of a manly heart, that will devote itself to your happiness, and that happiness accomplished, will be the greatest I can possess.

Emi. Oh, Heartington, Heartington! I know the goodness of your nature. I feel the strength of its affection—I remember well all our early life, and sometimes remember it with regret, even amidst—

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. (Behind). Ah! Heartington with her, and alone?

Emi. (Seeing Sir Frederick). Even amidst—Ah, you here, Sir Frederick? *(Aside)* I am saved.

Hea. (Aside). He here!—I am lost.

Sir F. You seem surprised at my presence; but can you wonder that the attraction which is sufficiently powerful to influence the grave, the wise, the prudent Mr. Heartington, should draw within its vortex one so light, so volatile as myself?

Hea. (Agitated, but trying to assume composure). You honour me too much by including one of such humble pretensions in the same atmosphere with an individual whose sphere of attraction is so extended as yours, Sir Frederick.

Sir F. Why, Miss Freeland, with what wand have you touched Heartington? As I value things generally more for their scarcity than for their intrinsic worth, I think I must inscribe a compliment from Heartington as a rarity in my common-place book.

Hea. (Aside, agitated). I cannot reduce the tone of my feelings so suddenly. I must quit her, though I know the little I have gained will be lost in the vortex of his eloquence and address. *(Aloud).* Miss Freeland, Sir Frederick, good morning! *(Rushes out).*

Sir F. Bless me! what's the matter? Miss Emily, you seem agitated. What, I suppose Heartington has been recalling to your memory the halcyon days, when, like shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia, you wandered together through daisied meadows and shady groves! I can readily believe now, that every tree in the neighbourhood has bled with the characters of your name, scratched by his trembling hands, with the assistance of a Whitechapel needle stolen from your housewife.

Emi. A truce, a truce, Sir Frederick, to your ridicule.

Sir F. And was such a form as Miss Freeland's created but to be seen by rustics and nightingales? Was she blessed with talents that make her the delight of the gayest circles only to display them where they can never be properly appreciated? Or was the poignancy of her wit given her but to satirize a few dowdy country neighbours, and fill up the scandalous chronicle of a country tea-table?

Emi. Oh, Sir Frederick, you overpower me, indeed you do. The country, I feel, is my proper sphere. I have none of the elegant arts of society.

Sir F. Where nature has done so much, art is but an intruder. A little reading under my direction will soon rub off the prejudices of your country preceptress, who never having entered the world herself, never knew, perhaps, what a burthen such sentiments were in society.

Emi. Ay, Sir Frederick, but these sentiments are for the well-being of society.

Sir F. So says the cold philosopher; devoid of passion and sensibility himself, he preaches against their indulgence in others with the calmness of a Stoic, and calculates upon success as a Cabinet minister at home calculates upon an easy victory abroad, because he does not see the dangers and difficulties of the battle which procures it. The gods gave us our passions; men have had the presumption to impose customs which would curb them: which ought we to obey?

Emi. Sir Frederick, I cannot argue with you now; I am agitated, and unequal to it. Excuse me, I must—nay, permit me to retire. (*Sir Frederick kisses her hand, and exit.*)

Sir F. So, so, my scheme thrives there; she welcomes love as an innocent guest. He comes unsuspected into a maiden's heart; but with Mrs. Modely it is different. She is still insensible; if not, her feelings are so disguised by gratitude for my sympathy, that she does not know them from those of love, and I am afraid to mention the word, lest she should recognise the subtle boy, and whip him out with his own wings. Could I find out a method to make known my passion without explicitly declaring it—some manner in which she might discover it, and rest the blame of the disclosure upon accident. Ha! she comes this way! I will excite her curiosity (*Taking out a portrait*).

Enter MRS. MODELy, behind.

Mrs. M. Ha! Sir Frederick contemplating a picture!

Sir F. (*Looking at the portrait*). How beautiful it is! Oh, I could gaze upon those lips and eyes for ever!

Mrs. M. (*Aside*). 'Tis the portrait of a lady!

Sir F. How do I bless the happy power that has taught me to trace a semblance which I dare only adore in secret! (*Pretending to discover her, starts, and hides the miniature hastily*). Mrs. Modely here!

Mrs. M. Ah! I interrupt you, Sir Frederick.

Sir F. Oh no, no, no, not at all; the presence of Mrs. Modely can never be deemed an interruption.

Mrs. M. Ah, Sir Frederick, I have at length discovered your secret.

Sir F. (With agitation). Discovered my secret! Heaven forbid!

Mrs. M. Come, come, Sir Frederick, confess that you have at length felt the power you have so long despised. Confess that the miniature, in the contemplation of which I discovered you, portrays the features of one who is born to be the avenger of our sex for your conquests and your indifference.

Sir F. Nay, nay, spare me, I entreat.

Mrs. M. May I not see the portrait?

Sir F. Impossible, impossible—not for the world.

Mrs. M. Nay, from what I could not help hearing, you seem to be unhappy in your attachment.

Sir F. Most unhappy!

Mrs. M. Confide in me, then; perhaps my friendship——

Sir F. Your friendship! Oh! no, no, no, I grieve that you should have discovered thus much of the secret dearest to my heart—a secret which I must carry with me to the grave. Forget, I entreat you, what you have heard and seen, and consider it only as a dream. (*Aside.*) Her curiosity is excited. Ha! her maid! Could I but drop it in her path! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. Who can it be? Yet why should I wish to learn? Why feel this agitated, anxious curiosity? He loves then this paragon for whom all the women are dying. He is himself in the net he has woven for so many. Can it be Emily who has subjugated his heart? Ah! happy Emily, but miserable Heartington!

Enter WATKINS.

Wat. Oh, Madam! the most curioucest thing in the world; I was passing up-stairs, when Sir Frederick Sparkington, Ma'am, went bump against me.

Mrs. M. Well!

Wat. He jumped back, Ma'am—made me the politest bow in the world—and begged my pardon, as though I had been a duchess.

Mrs. M. And what of all this?

Wat. Why, Ma'am, when he was gone, I found, in the bustle, he had dropped this case.

Mrs. M. (*Seeing the portrait.*) Ha! the portrait, I declare! Give it me, as it must be returned immediately (*taking the portrait.*) Did you open the case? Did you see whose portrait it was, Watkins?

Wat. No, Madam, no; I scorn to do such a thing.—(*Aside.*) I couldn't find out the spring for the life of me.

Mrs. M. It shall be my business to return it to Sir Frederick. You may leave me. (*Exit Watkins.*) His secret, then, is in my power. I am strongly tempted to look once—to know who is the happy woman that can inspire feelings which amount to adoration. Perhaps I may be of assistance to him. Perhaps she may be unworthy, and I may put him on his guard. He seemed unhappy in his love. There can be no harm in one look; away, then, with my scruples. (*Opens the portrait, starts, and trembles.*) Good Heavens! dare I believe my eyes? My own portrait!—my very self! Some lines! (*Taking a paper, and reading.*)—

“None know the agonies of those who feel
That frenzied passion none can dare reveal;
Condemn'd through life to live by hope unblest,
And in the grave can only look for rest.”

[*Gazes on the portrait.*]

Enter FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Hea. Ha! they are gone, or I would have appealed to Sir Frederick in her presence.

Mrs. M. This explains the whole mystery of his conduct.

Hea. (*Seeing the portrait.*) Your very self, I declare.

Mrs. M. (*Starting, and endeavouring to hide the portrait.*) Ha! my cousin Heartington!

Hea. Your painter has done you justice. Who, pray, is the artist to that picture? I should like to employ him myself.

Mrs. M. Oh no, no, no!—he does not—that is, he is not—I mean—

Hea. Why, what's the matter?—are you not well?

Mrs. M. Only a little overcome. You startled me; but I am quite recovered now.

Hea. May I use the privilege of a cousin and a friend, and ask for whom that portrait is intended?

Mrs. M. (Aside). What shall I say? For whom?—Why, cousin, for whom should it be intended but——

Hea. But for your husband—for Modely, to be sure. I knew it; I am delighted at it.—(*Aside.*) This mark of her affection will at any rate allay his jealous fears.—(*Aloud.*) Mrs. Modely, you are an excellent woman.

Mrs. M. (Aside). His praises pain me to the heart.

Hea. And see, here comes Modely.

Enter MODELY.

Mrs. M. Oh, do not mention it, for Heaven's sake.

Hea. Nay, why should you conceal that which does you so much credit?

Mod. What is your dispute about?

Hea. Your wife, Modely.

Mrs. M. Oh! I entreat—I implore——

Hea. Nay, I will. Your wife, Modely, has a present for you; and, after our conversation this morning, I am sure it will gratify you.

Mod. A present for me!

Hea. Yes; it is her portrait, and a most perfect resemblance. I am afraid that I have anticipated the surprise she intended you; but, under present circumstances, I thought it ought not to be deferred. There—there is your wife's portrait. I leave you to its contemplation. [*Exit.*]

Mod. A striking resemblance, indeed, and as such, Sophy, believe me, I shall prize it.

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. (Aside). Now to see the success of my scheme. Ha! Modely here!

Mrs. M. Sir Frederick!—I shall sink into the earth.

Mod. Sir Frederick, look here. Is it not a striking resemblance?

Sir F. (Aside). My picture, by Heaven!—Oh, striking, certainly—very striking.—(*Aside.*) Can she have betrayed me?

Mod. The artist has produced an immense effect, has not he?

Sir F. Oh, certainly—a prodigious effect!—(*Aside.*) Is he sneering at me?

Mod. (To Mrs. Modely). You must give him encouragement; you must recommend him to your female friends.

If he does them the same justice he has you, you'll make his fortune. Observe, Sir Frederick; the artist aims at the very character of my wife, does he not?

Sir F. Oh, certainly!—(*Aside.*) No, he cannot know it.

Mod. What's his name, Sophia?

Mrs. M. His name—his name.

Sir F. (*Aside.*) No; I am safe. But I must relieve her. Why, my dear Modely, the fact is, the picture is the production of a young artist whom I have recommended to Mrs. Modely's protection; and I'll be answerable for it, that nothing will give him so much delight as his present success, and her encouragement of his future efforts. But come, Modely; they are waiting for us at White's. Adieu, Mrs. Modely.

Mod. I shall treasure your gift, Sophy.

[*Exit with Sir Frederick.*

Mrs. M. Good heavens! in what a labyrinth of deceit has one moment's indiscretion involved me!

[*Sinks into a chair.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Library at Old Dashington's.*

Enter PETER and FRINGE.

Fri. Nonsense, my old master have a woman locked up indeed!

Pet. I'm blow'd if he hai'nt. I let her in, and no one let her out.

Fri. I am amazed.

Pet. I tell you what it is, Mistress Fringe, this here West-end has corrupted his city moralities. Ah, they may well say wise men come from the East.

Fri. To be made fools of in the West.

Pet. Hush! I hear master coming, so I'm off. [*Exit.*]

Fri. I'd give my life to find out the truth, and I'll see if I can't do it too. (*Turns and looks over the books.*)

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. I begin to think I never shall set this girl free. I never met so many people in my life; interrupted every moment, and couldn't get back; and then I thought every body could read in my face that I'd got a pretty girl locked up in my closet; every body seemed to snigger at me. Well, now to let her out. (*Takes out the key, and sees Fringe.*) Eh! why, Fringe! what do you do here among all my learning?

Fri. Oh, Sir, I have only just come for a change.

Old D. Change! Women are always wanting a change.

Fri. I mean, Sir, my mistress wants the second volume of *Sense and Sensibility*.

Old D. Well, then, take your volume, and be off with your sense and sensibility. (*Exit Fringe.*) I don't, for my part, see what use they are to anybody. Why she seems to snigger at me. Who'd have thought now, in this large town, I should have had such difficulty in finding an asylum for a young girl? I don't think I look much like a gay deceiver; yet the moment I mentioned my business, one winked her eye, as much as to say, "Yes, yes, I under-

stand ;" then another shrugged her shoulders, looked at my pigtail, as much as to say, "Lord ! Lord ! at his time of life." Your London landladies are paragons of virtue, and seem to think their second floors for single gentlemen absolute Temples of Vesta. Well, now to release her. I don't know how it is, but a key, and a closet, and a pretty girl are such odd associations, that they make me feel quite comical—I dare say now just like some young rake of fashion. (*Goes towards the door.*)

Enter PETER.

Pet. (Aloud). Mr. Dividend is below, Sir.

Old D. (Starting). Lord bless me ! well, you needn't bawl so. Tell Dividend I can't see him now. [*Exit Peter.*] I must secure myself from interruption. I think I had better for once say, "Not at home." Peter ! here Peter !

Re-enter PETER.

Pet. Yes, Sir. (Aside.) He looks confused.

Old D. I say, Peter. (Aside.) Hang me if I know how to order him to tell a lie. Hem ! you see, Peter, I'm going to be very busy.

Pet. Yes, Sir, I see it.

Old D. Very much engaged.

Pet. Yes, Sir.

Old D. I'm going to study, and I don't wish to be interrupted.

Pet. (Aside) I dare say not.

Old D. And, therefore, Peter, if any body calls, why you had better—you'll just say "Not at home!"

Pet. Oh, then, you are going out ?

Old D. No, no, I am not going out ; but I am out—I'm not at home. Whenever I am at my studies I am always out.

Pet. I dare say you are, Sir. Oh, I see, then I be to do as they do at Mrs. Modely's, and other places, and answer "Not at home."

Old D. You've hit it.

Pet. Well, Sir, I'll try my hand ; but Lord bless ye, they'll find me out in a minute. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Well, that will secure me from interruption. Who'd have thought I should ever have been fashionable enough to have found truth an inconvenience ! Oh ! I

am getting on—I am becoming a man of fashion. But now to my prisoner, and after a little quiet advice, send her safely to her new asylum. But where the devil can that Frenchman be? (*Going to unlock the door.*)

Re-enter FRINGE.

Old D. God bless me! What do you want again?

Fri. Oh dear, Sir, I've got the wrong book.

Old D. Damn the book! Take the right one and begone.

Fri. Bless me, Sir, you needn't be in such a fantigue. (*Aside.*) I can't see the sign of a petticoat.

Old D. Fantigue! why damn it how can I study if you are to run in and out every moment? Be off directly!

Fri. (*As she goes out.*) She must have escaped. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Zounds! the poor girl will be kept prisoner till midnight; the porter will shut the hall door, and I shan't be able to let her out till morning. (*Opens door.*) Now, then, my pretty.

Ang. (*Coming out of closet.*) Oh, you are come at last; me think you never come to let me out.

Old D. Gad! so I thought. But now—

Mod. (*Without.*) Not at home! What's in the wind now?

Old D. Lord! Lord! here are those devils coming up stairs I declare. Get into the closet again. (*Pushing her into the closet.*) Curse me if I don't think she'll be a tenant for life.

Enter MODELY and SIR FREDERICK.

Sir F. Why, Dashington, you should tutor your fellow better than to say "Not at home" to us; that may do for your tailor.

Old D. Why you see, gentlemen, I am particularly engaged.

Mod. Oh, no doubt; no doubt. Ah! Dashington, you're a lucky fellow; you men now of a certain age—you beat the younger ones now.

Sir F. Oh yes; they are so sly—so cautious—do things so snugly—

Old D. Really, gentlemen, you puzzle me!

Mod. Oh nonsense; to keep things back from us—

Sir F. Aye! 'tisn't fair.

Old D. What things?

Mod. What things ! why the little French girl.

Old D. A little French girl !

Sir F. Yes ; at Mrs. Commode's. Oh ! you're a sly one ; but where did you pick her up ?

Old D. (Aside) Now how could they learn all this ? Why I did pick her up certainly, for she was pitched out of the Dover coach, and I assisted her out of the mud ; but as for any thing else—

Sir F. Oh ! don't deny it, and hurt your credit.

Old D. But I assure you—

Mod. I dare swear now at this very moment you have her in snug keeping.

Old D. Keeping ! upon my soul—

Sir F. But you should not lock her up from all your friends.

Old D. Lock her up—

Sir F. Well, we only just dropped in to congratulate you—

Mod. And to say that we'll join any little snug party to Richmond, or to eat white bait ; that's all, just to make it comfortable to the lady. Au revoir !

Sir F. Au revoir ! Dashington, we'll keep your secret.
[*Exeunt Modely and Sir Frederick.*]

Old D. This little French girl sticks to me like an incubus—I never will be charitable again.

LA GARDE and PETER without.

Pet. But I tell you my master is not at home.

La G. Et je veux ; I vill see him. Parbleu de dam England. [*Enter LA GARDE pushing on PETER.*] Dere, you von dam storyteller of de world.

Pet. There, Sir, I couldn't help it ; Mounseer saw the two gentlemen go through the hall, and he started up in a great passion and forced his way up-stairs. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Mounseer, Mounseer, what's the matter ?

La G. De matter—de matter, indeed ; où est ma maîtresse ? me see de tief of de world dat did insult her dis morning in your house ; me know you have ma maîtresse here for no good.

Old D. Was ever such a scrape ?

La G. Ventre bleu, Monsieur ; où est-elle ? where is she ? I heard one tief of de world say to de oder tief of de world dat you had her in de keeping.

Old D. Aye! and a safe keeping too, under lock and key; and damn it, the sooner she is out of it the better. I shall run distracted (*Opening the door.*)

Enter ANGELICA.

Whew! there she is out at last.

Ang. (Turning to La Garde) Ah! mon bon La Garde!

La G. Ah Ciel! ma maîtresse! ma jeune maîtresse!

Old D. There, there, get away, or my daughter will be here. Zounds! I'll never meddle with a Frenchwoman again (*A noise without.*) Zounds! get away, and I'll give you the address of your new lodging (*Pushes them out.*)

SCENE II.—Library at Modely's.

SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON discovered.

Sir F. I have ventured a note to Mrs. Modely, soliciting an interview; it is penned as though Diana had dictated its contents, and virtue, modesty, and repentance had sat at my elbow to guide my pen.

Enter FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Ah! Heartington. (*Aside*) What the devil can he want?

Hea. I am come, Sir Frederick, to request a few minutes' serious consideration, and am happy to find one, whose qualifications are so attractive, for once alone.

Sir F. Ah! my qualifications are of little use in serious conversation. I am merely as the painted butterfly, whose outward colours induce many to pursue it, little thinking that the moment of success frequently destroys the beauty which attracts their attention.

Hea. But, Sir Frederick, there are insects which flutter in the sun-beams as brilliantly as the butterfly, but which conceal a sting beneath their beauties to punish those who attempt their captivity.

Sir F. And to pursue your metaphor, my dear Heartington, do you not think it poetical—nay, moral justice—that this insect should use all the power it possesses to punish those whose hands are uplifted to enslave it?

Hea. But when he flies out of his brilliant career to wound objects who never engender an idea of his captivity, 'tis then he becomes dangerous, and that all hands are uplifted to crush him.

Sir F. Oh, pray have done with allegory, and in pity to the weakness of my understanding be plain.

Hea. It is not in my nature to be otherwise ; society has not yet polished off the asperities of my nature sufficiently to enable me to clothe my questions in language which will either blunt their point, or conceal their truth : to be plain, then, Sir Frederick, will you tell me if your attentions are serious with regard to Miss Emily Freeland ?

Sir F. I will answer your plain question by another : am I to answer you as a lover or a rival ?

Hea. Sir Frederick, I come not as a rival ; I come not as a lover—for I must be both without the hope of success ; that I have loved Miss Emily Freeland ardently—sincerely loved her—is known to the whole world, but I have exerted my endeavours to reduce my feelings to those of friendship.

Sir F. Very prudently done, and worthy of the philosophical Heartington.

Hea. It is that friendship which induces my present visit ; Miss Freeland's happiness is at stake.

Sir F. And what, in the name of wonder, do you dread from me ?

Hea. I dread that Miss Freeland's inexperience in the world and ignorance of your character may attribute your evident attentions to other motives than the real ones ; I dread that the feelings of her heart may be aroused by these attentions before she is herself aware of their power ; and should they be unmeaning, I know those feelings to be sufficiently acute to render her miserable, perhaps for ever.

Sir F. Mr. Heartington, you compel me to be serious. If you demand it as a rival—

Hea. That, Sir Frederick, I have already denied ; for ill-directed, indeed, is that passion, which can make the object of its love the subject of a public dispute, or prefer chimerical notions of honour to the real reputation of the woman he regards.

Sir F. Nay, my dear Heartington, cease your preaching ; for you might as well attempt to overturn the Newtonian system as think of subverting either my principles or practice with regard to women. (*Aside.*) He knows not the cause they have given me to pursue them to destruction, nor the kindness I do him by proving the fickleness of his mistress.

Hea. Then are all the elegancies of your wit, the brilliancy of your talents, and the accomplishments of your

mind, perverted from the use for which they have been bestowed; and for the unsatisfactory gratification of a selfish vanity, you can risk the destruction of another's happiness.

Sir F. By being selfish I only imitate the rest of mankind.

Hea. Hold, Sir Frederick; measure not mankind by the sentiments of your own heart. There is a spark of human nature which gives it some claim to affinity with superior beings.

Enter EMILY FREELAND, with a book.

Emi. (Retiring). I beg your pardon—I merely wish to change a volume and retire.

Sir F. By no means; you are come, Miss Freeland, just in time to thank your knight-errant—

Hea. (Aside). For heaven's sake do not betray me.

Sir F. Here, Miss Emily, has Heartington been combating the attentions which my heart and your own charms have induced me to pay you as my friend's guest, with as much fury and as little justice as Don Quixote attacked the windmills, or the harmless sheep.

Hea. Insidious coxcomb! What shall I say?

Emi. (Indignantly). Mr. Heartington, after what has passed, you must be conscious that this interference with my name is officious; nay—

Hea. Oh, Miss Freeland, torture me not by expressions as undeserved as they are harsh and agonizing. I have been influenced only by a wish for your honour and happiness.

Emi. I can preserve them both, Sir, without the assistance of Mr. Heartington.

Hea. Heaven grant you may! The first I never doubted. It was my tender anxiety for the latter that has called down your present censure on me. (*To Sir F.*) As for you, Sir, your insidious baseness now renders a personal explanation necessary, and I shall seek it in a proper place.

Sir F. Sir, were any other name in question than Miss Freeland's, I might perhaps make as haughty a reply to your remark as it deserves.

Emi. Oh, for Heaven's sake, Sir Frederick!

Sir F. (Ironically). "But ill-directed indeed must his passion be, which can make the object of its love the subject of a public dispute, or that could prefer chimerical notions of honour to the real reputation of the woman he regards."

Hea. S'death, my own words!

Emi. What a just, what a noble sentiment, to prefer the real reputation of a woman to fantastic ideas of imaginary honours!

Hea. (Indignantly). I feel, Sir, that my truth is unable to cope with your cunning. That was a part of your character I had yet to learn. Miss Freeland, I have never yet ventured to warn you against that character, because I thought there was nobility even about its faults; but I am mistaken: beware of him—beware his talents—beware his insidious attentions. I know that while the wand of the enchanter is upon you, I cannot break his spell; but truth shall wither up the envenomed flowers, which hide the serpent from your view, ere his coil is so strongly woven round your heart as to leave its poison there for ever. *[Exit.*

Sir F. S'death, this is too much: I must follow him.

Emi. Oh no, no, no! he speaks but in the intemperance of disappointment. Follow him not, I beseech you! For the sake of Heaven—for my sake!

Sir F. For your sake! Oh, that is indeed an appeal I know not how to resist. For your sake I could indeed bear much; but will she, for whose sake I consent to run the risk of the world's contempt, repay me by her smiles? Will her eye beam with gladness when that of the world shall be averted with scorn?

Emi. Oh, Sir Frederick, urge me not now; I am unfit—agitated. Quit me, I beseech you; promise me to avoid all intercourse with Mr. Heartington.

Sir F. I promise; and should we accidentally meet, will only tell him how anxious you are for his safety.

Emi. I am anxious for the safety of both. Remember your promise.

Sir F. I will; do not forget yours, to give me a few hours of your company alone, to repay me for my present privations. Farewell. *[Exit.*

Emi. Surely I cannot be deceived in my estimation of his character. I trust its brilliancy does not blind me; yet there was a flash of truth in the beam of Heartington's indignant eye, that almost carried conviction to my heart.

[A noise or scream heard without.

What means this noise? *(Looking out).* Ah! a lady fainting or ill, brought in from the street.

Enter LA GARDE, leading in ANGELICA, followed by servants, who retire.

La G. Ah! ma pauvre madame! ah, pardon! ma bonne maîtresse va mourir—she shall die.

Ang. No, no, I feel better; but it was he—it was himself—my husband!

Emi. Good heavens, Angelica! my poor Swiss girl!

Ang. Ha! that kind voice! where am I,—Miss Emily?

La G. Ah, la bonne Miss Emilie!

Ang. My protectress—my benefactress! how came I here?

La G. Ha! hi! madame. You utter von grand cry; you try to speak de words—dey refuse to come—you point to dis maison, and faint away in de arms of le pauvre La Garde.

Ang. I recollect it all. I saw Sutherland; I caught but one glimpse of his features—the carriage drove rapidly from my sight. I thought it was from this house he came; I know no more.

Emi. Oh, my good Angelica, you must be mistaken.

Ang. In the house I may—in the person *no—no—no—no*—had a thousand years passed away since we parted I should know him—time makes no inroad in the heart's memory—no change—no age—no sickness can disguise its object from such an affection as mine—but, La Garde, did not you see him?

La G. Non—non—non; I saw noting but you cry, ma pauvre maîtresse.

Ang. Unhappy me!

Emi. But since we parted, have you yet learned no intelligence of your husband?

Ang. Ah—no—no. You found me deserted—ill—almost mad—your kindness did soothe—your friendship did protect me—and the heart of Angelica never can forget its gratitude or its misery.

Emi. But why not write to me, as you promised, or apply to me on your arrival in England?—with me—with my friends, you would have found a home.

Ang. Hélas! I lost your address; but Providence has directed my steps, for ma bonne Miss Emily will never desert her poor Angélique.

Emi. Oh no—and I am sure my friend here, Mrs.

Modely, will give you the shelter and protection of her roof until Mr. Modely can find some means to trace Mr. Sutherland for you.

La G. Ha! ha! graces—mille graces—my heart—de heart of ma maîtresse, ver much tank you—ah ven I have joy—I cry—I weep.

Ang. Ah, Miss Emilie, I cannot express my gratitude; but I feel it here—in my heart.

Emi. Come, and I'll introduce you to Mrs. Modely—she already knows your story, and pities and feels for you as I do. La Garde, see that your mistress's things are brought here. *[Exit with Angelica.]*

Lu G. Oui, Mademoiselle—Je vole—I fly, lest de tings of ma bonne maîtresse be contaminé in de house of de indignant woman. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—An apartment at Old Dashington's.

Enter BLUNTLY.

Blu. Hitherto all goes on well—I've had a good lunch, and the old boy's Madeira is excellent—that will do till dinner—I've prepared him for the full disclosure of my secret; that will keep till supper, when I'll pour it into his ear at the same time that I pour the punch into his mouth—so that they may mix and go down pleasantly together—the old boy likes me too; but he says Cousin Bella still retains her first love, and determines to have me whether I will or no—I don't much wonder at that, but 'tis rather awkward—I must make a confidante of her, and argue her out of her love.—Ha! she's here—I'll disclose my situation to her.

Enter ARABELLA DASHINGTON.

Ara. I am determined to tell him the truth. Mr. Freeland, I have been seeking you.

Blu. Well, here I am, ready to serve you on all occasions up to everything.

Ara. Mr. Freeland, it is an awkward subject; but I wish to tell you that this marriage will make me miserable for life, since, I confess—pray pardon me—but I confess that I love another—

Blu. How fortunate! Finish, Madam—fear nothing—tell me all, and depend upon my generosity—and this other is—

Ara. My earliest friend—my cousin Tom.

Blu. Your cousin? what! your aunt's son? (*Aside*). Awkward again—ah! they say he's a good looking fellow. (*Aside*). Who'd have thought that I should have made such an impression? But surely, Miss Arabella, you cannot mean this seriously?

Ara. I do, indeed, my earliest vows were pledged to him, and I am determined to preserve them inviolate.

Blu. But supposing now he does not think the same; suppose he has turned out a good-for-nothing fellow?

Ara. That makes no difference; my love is for himself alone, and I have fortune enough.

Blu. (*Aside*). Hem! I must have been a devil of a fellow at fourteen. I had better tell her the truth, and so I will. —But—Miss Arabella—I saw a great deal of this cousin of yours abroad, and became the confidant of many of his adventures. What they were, I need not mention; but the event of our last meeting, it now becomes my painful duty to disclose.

Ara. Ah! was this the circumstance to which the Jew, this morning, alluded?

Blu. I dare say it was; it is a circumstance which he has not yet dared to confess to his uncle. (*Aside*). Yet how shall I tell her that I am already married? (*Aloud*). How shall I disclose a circumstance for which you will have such cause to blame—to hate him? (*Aside*). It will break her heart.

Ara. Oh, never fear for me; I am prepared; an affection like mine is proof for anything.

Blu. Indeed? you must know, then, that at Geneva, your cousin became acquainted with a Mr. Sutherland,—a wild young chap; they went on a visit to a Swiss family, in which were two charming young ladies.

Ara. How! young ladies, Sir?

Blu. Yes,—Angelica, a Swiss, and Susan, an English girl—charming creatures; one a blonde; the other a brunette; one with hair that reached to the ground; the other a crop.

Ara. Well, Sir, but what have these young ladies to do with my cousin?

Blu. Oh! a great deal, as you shall hear. First, you must know, Sutherland fell in love with Angelica and married her; and the elegant address—the handsome person—the brilliant wit, and above all, the real English of your

cousin Tom so won upon Susan—that's the crop—that she fell in love with him.

Ara. How!—in love with my cousin?

Blu. Yes, desperately.

Ara. When he was engaged to me?

Blu. Oh, she did not know that.

Ara. (*Anxiously*). And my cousin?

Blu. Why, to tell the truth, he forgot his engagement with you, and fell in love with her in return.

Ara. The monster—Well, Sir? go on, Sir,—I'm calm—quite calm, Sir.

Blu. And as she was dying for him, he married her just to save her life.

Ara. Married her! the ingrate, thus to deceive me.—Where's my father? he shall know it instantly.

Blu. Nay—nay—disclose it carefully, or you will ruin all by this precipitation.

Ara. Oh! Papa! Papa!

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Old D. What's the matter, love? what's the matter, my dear? what the devil's the matter?

Ara. Oh, my dear papa, what do you think?—my monster of a cousin is—is—is married!

Old D. Married! without my consent?

Ara. Yes, and has deceived me.

Old D. I'll never see him more—never forgive him; he may get in debt, I'll never pay; he may go to prison, I'll never let him out; he may be hanged, I'll never cut him down!

Blu. This comes, now, of my imprudent confidence, and of her confounded vivacity.

Ara. I am now, Sir, quite ready to obey you. (*To Blu.*) Mr. Freeland, I am ready to obey my father, and marry you directly—to-day—in an hour. Papa, prepare the settlement between this gentleman and myself, and if my unworthy cousin should ever venture into my presence again——

Old D. I would have him thrown out of the window.

Blu. (*Starting*). Hey! (*Aside*). I feel myself making that extraneous exit already.

Old D. Nay, you needn't start, you shall throw him out yourself.

Ara. I'll destroy every remembrance of him! throw away

his keepsakes with his ring, and learn to hate him as sincerely as I loved him—that I will. [Exit.

Old D. A damn'd degenerate scoundrel. Come, come along; we'll have the articles of partnership drawn up immediately, and you shall be Gazetted in the next newspaper as Freeland and Co.

Blu. A precious kettle of fish I've plumpt into. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of Modely's House—Chandeliers seen through the distant windows.*

Enter SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Sir F. I have escaped well—Modely is engaged over his claret—he will pledge his little foreigner till the wine takes effect—the ladies have retired to the free-masonry of the drawing-room, Mrs. Modely may therefore escape easily. (*Striking his repeater.*) Seven, eight, nine—no watch keeps truer time than a lover's, at least before success has crowned his pursuit; afterwards, I have found mine an hour too slow. Hush, did I hear anything? No, all is quiet; no eyes, but those of the stars, to gaze upon a lover's transport, or to witness a lady's blushes; nothing but whisperings of the evening breeze to betray them, (*Taking snuff*)—unless, indeed, our own insidious whisper at White's should make the affair *éclater* in the morning. But will she come? Will no intervening scruple—no impertinent conscience step in with a whisper of conjugal duty, and disappoint me?—no, no, she thinks I come here to take my leave for ever—she thinks she comes to confirm me in a virtuous resolution, and will not fail. But hold—Modely is my friend—Sophia is his wife—well then, as his friend, it is but natural for me to pay attention to every part of his family; but Modely trusts me—well, the more fool he. Their own conduct ought to give a hint to husbands to trust nobody. Ha! I hear the rustling of leaves—she comes—

Enter MODELY.

She comes, and away with everything but thoughts of rapture.

Mod. (*A little overcome with liquor.*) Hey day, raptures indeed; curse the wine—how hot my head is!

Sir F. Modely! (*Aside.*) What demon of contradiction can have brought him here?

Mod. You did not expect me, I dare say?

Sir F. No, certainly not.

Mod. But, you see, I wanted to have some conversation with you about this little foreigner; she has escaped me—she's a devilish pretty girl, and a confounded coquette, and I'm determined to pursue her.

Sir F. Well, well—she is not here—to-morrow.

Mod. Oh, I dare say you wish me at the devil now, but I won't go. I know you've some damn'd intrigue, and 'tis playing me false.

Sir F. Playing you false!

Mod. Yes, for not confiding in me; what, man, are we not brothers in arms? Come now, tell me who it is, and I won't spoil sport.

Sir F. (Aside). No, no; another time.

Mod. Let me see, who had we at dinner; there was Lady Frelove—no, no—it isn't her—she's ugly, though a pretty figure, too; then Mrs. Softly—hem! *her* eyes were never given her for the good of her soul—certainly.

Sir F. You shall know all to-morrow.

Mod. If she's a married woman, you may tell me safely, and her husband shall never be a jot the wiser.

Sir F. No, no; the husband, in this instance, will never be a jot the wiser. [*Mrs. Modely passes at the back.*]
I hear her coming. Zounds, my dear fellow, pray begone.

Mod. I will. I should like to have a peep though.

Sir F. No, no! if you stay you'll ruin all.

Mod. And if I go you'll ruin.—Well, I'm gone.

Sir F. By heaven I saw her. Come, come, begone.

Mod. But don't you want a Cerberus? some fellow to watch, to give you warning of an impertinent coxcomb of a husband?

Sir F. No, no! as a man of honour, I entreat you to go.

Mod. As a man of honour?

Sir F. As a gentleman.

Mod. As a gentleman?

Sir F. As a man of fashion.

Mod. A man of fashion? That's more to the purpose. I'm gone. I'll go and push round the bottle; so that if the husband is in the house you need not fear him.

[*Exit—hurried off by Sir Frederick.*]

Sir F. He's off at last. I trust he has not frightened her back again.

Enter Mrs. MODELY, in a blue and silver Cashmere.

Mrs. M. What am I doing? My heart palpitates, my frame trembles; the very dropping of a leaf strikes upon my ear like a peal of thunder.

Sir F. (Taking her hand). Ah, my sweet friend, this is indeed kind.

Mrs. M. Oh, Sir Frederick! Nay, nay, release my hand, I implore you.

Sir F. How can I, when it trembles so? Tranquillize your spirits.

Mrs. M. I will; pray pardon this agitation. Do not think ill of me for complying with your request.

Sir F. Rather let me thank you on my knees for your condescension. (*Attempts to kneel*).

Mrs. M. Oh, no, no, no, Sir Frederick! Let me collect my scattered senses. You must leave me.

Sir F. Leave you?

Mrs. M. Yes, yes. Accident has betrayed that which I ought never to have known; but knowing, it were crime to encourage your presence. I claim, therefore, your promise to quit me for ever.

Sir F. Quit you? Nay, nay. Do you doubt my prudence?

Mrs. M. Oh, no, no, no; but my honour, my peace of mind, require it.

Sir F. Nay, none will know it.

Mrs. M. But my own consciousness would imagine the truth in everybody's eye, would interpret every observation into a sneer, and turn the smiles of friendship into those of pity or of scorn.

Sir F. Nay, nay, my sweet friend, this is too fastidious; recollect that it was accident alone that betrayed my passion.

Mrs. M. Hold! Sir Frederick; it was accident that discovered it—that was neither my blame nor yours; but for you to speak it is insult—for me to listen to it is crime.

Sir F. Nay, nay. Can that be crime which is the impulse of the heart? can that be insult which is the emanation of the purest passion?

Mrs. M. Sir Frederick, I will not hear you.

Sir F. Nay, but your husband—

Mrs. M. Is your friend and trusts you! I came, Sir Frederick, relying on your letter to confirm you in a virtuous resolution.

Sir F. But, Sophia—

Mrs. M. (With dignity.) Mrs. Modely, Sir! that is my name, and it shall never be disgraced by me. You have returned my confidence with cruelty. But leave me—leave me to the bitterness of my repentance and my tears.

Sir F. And what occasion is there for tears, when all may be smiles? My attention to others will blind the world.

Mrs. M. And what will blind my own heart? Go, Sir; and if to have added another pang to an already suffering heart can be a triumph, it is yours. [*Going.*]

Sir F. (Detaining her.) Nay, this coldness is ill-timed.

Mrs. M. Unhand me. I implore—I insist.

[*A noise without. He releases her; she retires.*]

Sir Frederick rushes to the side and intercepts Modely, more tipsy.

Mod. Away, away—Heartington is here, cooling his jealousy in the evening breeze.

Mrs. M. (Aside, nearly fainting on a bank). Good heavens, my husband!

Sir F. Confusion!

Mod. Yes; and you know he would tell my wife, and that wouldn't do. Ah, the lady's ill! I will assist her.

[*Approaching Mrs. Modely.*]

Sir F. (Stopping him.) No, no; not for the world.

Mod. Ha! a rich Cashmere! I shall know it again.—A fine woman, by Jove!—Ah, Sir Frederick, you're a lucky fellow!—but I know her.

Sir F. Heaven forbid!

Mod. (Bowing to Mrs. Modely.) Oh! rely upon me, Madam—rely upon my honour. I'm secret as the grave.

Sir F. But now away—for heaven's sake, away!

Mod. I will. But, my dear fellow, you are quite in an agitation; you want nerve. Let me see the lady to the house. Nobody will suspect me: I'm a grave fellow—a steady fellow,—such a fellow, that her character will be quite safe with me.

Sir F. No, no, no, I say. Only go forward, and see that nobody is in the way.

Mod. I will, don't fear me. I know her—(*Sir Frederick starts*)—but I'll never tell. I'll be discreet—silent as the grave.—(*Aside*) I can't make her out; but I'll find who the Cashmere shawl belongs to. [*Exit.*]

Sir F. Thank heaven, he is gone!

Mrs. M. Oh, why, why did I come? I deserve it all for my imprudence.

Sir F. Nay, nay, all is safe—all are in ignorance.

Mrs. M. Except my own heart and conscience : they are not ignorant. (*Going ; Sir Frederick attempts to follow.*) Nay, follow me not—I insist ! I have not the power to forbid you the house, because that would betray my secret ; but if there remain one spark of manly generosity within your breast, you will never increase the bitterness of my repentance by your presence. To-morrow, Sir, I will see you by daylight, and for the last time alone. I have been weak, and once (I know not why) have listened to you ; but, be assured, without one guilty thought. Beware how you ever again endeavour to entrap me, lest the snare you set to seduce a neglected wife should miss its aim, and recoil on the seducer. *[Exit.*

Sir F. Leave her ! quit her !—No, no, Mrs. Modely, you have met me once. 'Tis the first indiscretion that costs the most. A cable can scarcely move a boat from the shore ; but once afloat, and a silken thread will lead her whichever way we please. *[Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mrs. Modely's boudoir, with the door supposed to lead into Mrs. Modely's dressing-room; the door open.

Enter MRS. MODELY, still in her bonnet and Cashmere.

Mrs. M. Thank heaven, I am safe. I have regained the house undiscovered. I yet tremble for the consequences. Had my husband but known me, nothing could have convinced him of my innocence. Of what an imprudence have I been guilty! what a risk have I run! I tremble at the recollection. (*Takes off the Cashmere and bonnet, and throws them into the dressing-room; Modely heard laughing without, still tipsy.*) What means this gaiety? Modely still influenced by wine.

Enter MODELY, laughing.

Mod. Oh, my love! the drollest adventure in the world. Our friend, Sir Frederick—

Mrs. M. (Alarmed). What of him?

Mod. Found out—discovered in an intrigue, disappointed, and so nearly caught. Ha! ha! ha! I must really tell you.

Mrs. M. No, no, Mr. Modely.

Mod. Oh yes, I must tell you—you must know, that in the shrubbery—

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, Mr. Modely, you are not yourself; and—and I am ill—I am out of spirits.

Mod. Then this is just the story to put you into them, for it is a bit of scandal, and that never comes amiss to your sex.

Mrs. M. (Aside). I suffer a martyrdom.

Mod. Well, as I said, in the shrubbery, who should I tumble upon but Sir Frederick, and with him a lady. Oh, if you had but seen their agitation!

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, Mr. Modely.

Mod. I could not distinguish the lady's features, but she was wrapped up in a remarkable shawl, that I should know anywhere—blue and silver.

Mrs. M. (Trembling). Blue and silver !

Mod. Yes ; who among our visitors to-night has such a shawl ?

Mrs. M. I am sure I know not : nobody, I believe.

Mod. Oh, but you must find out. I'd give the world to know.

Enter MRS. WATKINS from inner room, with the shawl.

Wat. Oh dear ! Ma'am—such a misfortune, Ma'am.

Mrs. M. What, what ? How dare you intrude without my permission ?

Wat. But, Ma'am, here's your new Cashmere shawl, only bought to-day, entirely spoilt—covered with dirt, Ma'am—how could it happen ?

Mod. A Cashmere ! (*Looking.*) Blue and silver ! By heaven, the very shawl !

Mrs. M. (Aside). Undone !

Mod. Whose shawl is this ? I say, whose shawl is this, woman ? (*Getting sober as he proceeds.*)

Wat. Whose shawl ? why, Sir, bless me, Sir ! (*Aside*). Angry at my mistress's buying it, I suppose !

Mod. (Still more angry). Whose is it, I say ?

Wat. (Hesitating). Why, Sir, 'tis a friend of my mistress'.

Mrs. M. (Interrupting). 'Tis mine, Sir.

Mod. Yours, yours, Madam ? And who wore it to-night ?

Mrs. M. I did.

Mod. You did ! (*Seeing Watkins*). Leave the room, leave the room instantly. [*Exit Watkins.*]

Mrs. M. Modely,—but no, I will not believe it ; say—say you lent it : say that some friend, some acquaintance, whom you do not like to betray —

Mrs. M. No, Sir, I wore it myself.

Mod. What ! was it you, then ?

Mrs. M. I will not add falsehood to imprudence ; it was I whom you saw in the garden.

Mod. Nay, but you were there by accident.

Mrs. M. No, I was there by my own free will, to grant an interview solicited by your friend ; but further than such imprudence I am innocent, so help me Heaven !

Mod. (With compressed feeling). Innocent—hem ! I see it all. I confess, I feel myself his dupe ; but he shall pay dearly, bitterly, for his perfidy. Fool ! idiot that I was, to imagine honour could exist where virtue was extinct ; but I'll be revenged—deeply, bitterly revenged.

Mrs. M. Nay, nay, Modely—

Mod. Away, away. I believe you innocent, though I scarcely feel that I deserve to find you so—I alone am guilty. I see my folly—I see my weakness; but he who led me into it shall partake my repentance. I will be revenged. Dupe, dupe, dupe that I have been! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. What shall I do? Where fly? My husband's life may be sacrificed to my momentary imprudence! Unhappy woman! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Modely's Library.

Enter EMILY FREELAND and ANGELICA.

Emi. Something extraordinary must have happened. He entreats my presence here, and alone—my heart trembles.

Ang. Nay, nay, support yourself.

Emi. If he should deceive me?

Ang. Non, non, non. It is de poor foreigner dat dey deceive, not de rich English lady.

Emi. Why should he pause upon the verge of a declaration, and leave me to guess his intentions?

Ang. Ah! dere may be de good motif. I see you do love de gentleman, and he shall not break your heart as Sutherland has broken mine. I will plead for my benefactress. I will say, look at dis pale face, dese eyes, dimmed by tears, dey cover a heart broken by the deception of man.

Emi. Hush! I hear him coming—I hear his step in the distance. How my poor heart beats!

Ang. Ah! so did mine when Sutherland's step did strike upon my ear; and I could hear it, oh! so far off. I will retire. I will not intrude. (*Retires and seats herself.*) But if you want any pleader I shall be here.

Emi. (*Retiring up*). I must recover my presence of mind ere I can meet him.

Enter SIR FREDERICK DASHINGTON.

Sir F. A narrow escape I have had. But Mrs. Modely's retreat to her dressing-room will leave Emily free for our interview here. (*Seeing Emily.*) Ha! my charming Emily; this is kind. (*Seeing Angelica.*) How, not alone?

Emi. No, no, Sir Frederick ; a feeling of impropriety, of I know not what, has made me bring this lady with me ; had you not desired me to keep the interview concealed from Mrs. Modely, she would have been my companion ;—nay, nay, you must not be angry—

Sir F. Angry ! I am not angry—but I am distressed—I am hurt ; hurt that you should doubt me. Can you doubt me ?

Emi. Oh, Sir Frederick, will you ever give me cause to doubt ?

Sir F. No, no—never ; but what I have to say must be said to you alone.

Emi. Alone !

Sir F. Nay, Miss Freeland, can you fear me ? Will you refuse to trust me ?

Emi. (*After a struggle.*) Sir Frederick, I will trust you. I will place confidence in you. (*To Angelica.*) My friend—

Ang. (*Running forward.*) I am here—ici—ready to—
(*Sees Sir Frederick, and is recognized by him at the same moment—they start—Angelica screams and rushes towards him—faints, and falls senseless on the ground.*)

Sir F. (*Aside.*) Angelica—Heavenly powers !

Emi. How—my friend Angelica—what means this ? It seemed to be your presence.

Sir F. I—I know not—I am confounded.

Emi. Good heavens—she recovers not—I will run for assistance. [*Exit.*]

Sir F. (*Attempting to stop her.*) No—no—I can recover—she is gone. (*Raising up Angelica.*) 'Tis indeed Angelica—how changed—yet still how lovely.

Ang. (*Recovering.*) Where am I—sure—sure—I saw him—it was my—(*Sees Sir Frederick—attempts to throw herself into his arms ; but he repulses her*)—husband !—yes—yes—'tis he—he is mine again.

Sir F. Yours ! never !

Ang. But, ah ! my senses deceive me—you are not Sutherland—you are the lover of my friend and benefactress—ah !—it will break her heart—the heart of one who loves me—

Sir F. True—true—surely you would not break the heart whose kindness has fostered you !

Ang. Non—non—I will not make misery for her—but you cannot be hers—you are my husband.

Sir F. Husband—no—no—it is not here the same as it is in Switzerland.

Ang. Not de same ? Justice—honour—mercy—love—are de same in every country.

Sir F. To confess yourself my wife is to render you doubly guilty ; beside, where are your proofs ?

Ang. The proofs are here (*Laying her hand on her own heart*), and here (*Pointing to his*), and there (*Pointing upwards*). They are in my own quiet conscience on earth—they are registered in Heaven.

Sir F. They are coming—remember a word from you may break the heart of your benefactress—a word of mine, may brand you with disgrace.

Ang. Cruel—cruel—man !

Enter MRS. MODELY and EMILY.

Mrs. M. Ill say you ! Angelica—what occasions this agitation ?

[*Angelica attempts to speak—but is interrupted by Sir Frederick.*

Sir F. She recognised in me a witness to some occurrence which must have unsettled her senses.

Ang. Oh—not mad !—not mad !

Mrs. M. Then you know Sutherland—he who deceived and deserted her, under the cruel pretence of *her* treachery. I consider him only as an artful seducer—who could insinuate himself into her tenderest affection—crop the first blossoms of her early love—and leave them to wither, in coldness and neglect. Sir Frederick, could the base seducer look back at his path, paved with broken hearts, and watered with the tears of bitterness, he would shudder at the retrospection.

Emi. Oh ! Sir Frederick—if you do know this Sutherland, seek him out—and such an act will give you a greater claim to my esteem, than all the attentions with which you flatter me.

Sir F. Mrs. Modely—Miss Freeland—you are deceived ; she deceives herself—there is no such man as Sutherland.

Emi. How—no such man ?

Ang. Oh, yes—yes—there is—there is—and—

Sir F. Beware; sting not the heart that fostered you.—(*To Miss Freeland.*) Miss Freeland, your will is my law, and I will unravel this mystery, and see justice done to your *protégée*; but she must quit you.—(*To Angelica.*) If you betray your secret you betray yourself to disgrace. Quit this house; I will seek you out, and justice shall be done you.—(*To Mrs. Modely.*) Mrs. Modely, do not condemn me hastily and rashly.—(*To Miss Freeland.*) Believe not aught against me. In half an hour I will again seek you, and all shall be explained. [Exit.]

Emi. Inexplicable man!

Mrs. M. Trust him not, Emily.—(*Aside.*) Yet I cannot put her on her guard without betraying myself. Yet he shall not deceive her. Emily, bring your friend to my dressing-room; we will there seek her confidence, and attempt her justice. [Exit.]

Ang. Oh, my good, my kind ladies, I must quit you.

Emi. Quit me!

Ang. Yes: he commands it, and I must obey.

Old D. (*Without.*) I tell you I must see Miss Freeland.

Enter OLD DASHINGTON.

Oh, there you are! When will my plagues end? Arabella is determined to marry your brother, and now he has given us the slip. (*Seeing Angelica.*) Eh, do my eyes deceive me? What, my little foreigner!

Ang. Ah, my good ami, my kind protector.

Old D. Oh, don't call me your protector; I have had enough of that.

Ang. Oh! I have found my good English lady, that was so kind to me in Switzerland.

Old D. Eh, what!—Miss Freeland?

Ang. Yes; when Sutherland left me.

Old D. Miss Freeland! Sutherland!—Why, zounds!—

Emi. What means your surprise?—what is the matter? You seem confounded.

Old D. Oh, no, I'm not confounded; I am only putting this and that together, and was just going to say that Sutherland is the very name on the marriage certificate.

Emi. What marriage certificate?

Old D. Why, of one Sutherland and one Angelica.

Ang. Ah, speak.

Old D. Well, I am speaking, and to the purpose, too ; and I can only say, if you are Angelica Roseville, that you are as much the wife of Sutherland as the defunct Mrs. Dashington was my honoured spouse, and that the register of St. Botolph's can testify.

Emi. Thank heaven, then her innocence is established ! Come, Angelica, Mrs. Modely must know this instantly. Mr. Dashington, excuse us ; Henry shall be shown to you directly he arrives. [*Exeunt Emily and Angelica.*]

Old D. Upon my soul, I'm in the thick of it. Here am I, the protector of the distressed, the establisher of female innocence—a perfect Don Quixote. I wish it was all over—Arabella married, and I quiet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ara. Well, papa, here I am, according to your command ; for if I don't obey you in a hurry, I shan't obey you at all. But I am now ready to blow my love for my faithless cousin to all the quarters of the globe, and to marry Mr. Freeland directly.

Old D. That's right, my girl ; and look, here he comes.

Ara. And my unworthy cousin with him, I declare.

Old D. I long to be at him ; for though I told you not to love him, I never will forgive him for forgetting you.

Ara. No, no ; leave me to deal with him—let me bring shame upon him for his faithless conduct. [*Retires up.*]

Enter TOM BLUNTLY and HENRY FREELAND.

Blu. I say, are you sure ; you're quite at home here ?

Fre. I told you our uncle and Arabella will be here, and there they are.

Blu. Yes, I see all ready for a blow up. I say, cousin, we shall have a bit of a breeze ; a tornado from the young lady, and a trade wind from the old boy. But never mind, we young fellows must raise the wind somehow.

Fre. (*Advancing to Arabella, she turns from him.*) Hey ! (*Aside.*) This coldness—why, what's the matter now ? (*Aloud.*) What means this grave, this cold reception ?

Ara. It means, Sir, that the time is come to unmask the truth ; a complete explanation is due to my father and to this gentleman (*Pointing to Bluntly*), before the projected

alliance of our families take place—your deception is discovered.

Fre. Discovered ; but consider my conduct has been occasioned only by the ardour of my passion.

Ara. What, Sir? add insult to deception. Away, and know that, however much I may have loved you, I now regard you with contempt.

Old D. Bravo, Bella girl ; give it him.

Fre. Good heavens ! contempt !

Ara. Yes, Sir ; contempt and indifference. But to prove to you that the heart which you would have deceived was worthy of better treatment at your hands, I punish you only by soliciting your pardon of my father.

Fre. What the deuce is she driving at ?

Old D. I forgive him !—I pardon the scoundrel !—never ; he might have deceived me to the end of my days, but you—to deceive *you*, Bella !

Ara. Nay, papa ; on condition, alone, of your complete forgiveness, do I consent to obey you.

Old D. Oh, then, I'll forgive him directly——

Ara. And receive his wife ?

Old D. Oh, anything—wife, children—all his family.

Fre. My wife ! what do you mean by my wife ?

Ara. Nay, Sir ; I know all—your marriage——

Fre. My marriage !

Ara. Yes, Sir ; with the lady with the—*crop*.

Fre. What lady with the *crop* ?

Ara. Yes ; with your Susan, Sir.

Fre. My Susan—who the devil's Susan ?

Ara. Yes, Sir, I know it all from this gentleman who witnessed the ceremony, and told me of your marriage.

Blu. From me, bless ye. I did'nt say this gentleman was married ; I told you, your cousin Tom Bluntly was married.

Fre. How, cousin Tom married, really married ! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ! My dear Sir (*Embracing Old Dashing-ton*) ; my dear madam ; (*Embracing Arabella*). Zounds ! my spirits, my joy, seem to have expelled the specific gravity from my system, and I can scarcely keep myself on the earth.

Old D. He's mad ; send for a doctor. Zounds, hold him tight ; he'll do us a mischief—he's mad—send for a doctor, send for a straight waistcoat.

Fre. I want no doctor, but you (*To Arabella*). I want no straight waistcoat, but the marriage ceremony: I'm not mad. I'm not your cousin Tom?

Ara. Not my cousin Tom!

Old D. Then, who the devil are you?

Fre. (*Kneeling to Arabella*). The man destined for you by your provident father.

Ara. Henry Freeland!

Old D. And my rogue of a nephew! this devil of a cousin Tom; where the devil's he.

Blu. (*Kneeling on the other side of Dashington*). Here, most revered uncle, here am I, your dutiful nephew, who has married against your consent, and run a villain through the body against his; but if you forgive him this time, he'll never do so any more.

Old D. Scapegrace!

Ara. How! he that I hated so much, my cousin Tom; and you, Sir, that I never saw before—

Fre. Excepting at Mrs. Modely's ball.

Ara. What my mask?

Fre. The same. You said you loved me in former times, and I could not contradict you; surely you will not now contradict yourself?

Ara. I was only a bad grammarian, and took the past for the future.

Old D. Well, Tom, I forgive you.

Blu. Then I may cry hurrah! and will run and set Mrs. Tom's heart at ease for ever, and tell her the crop will be received into the family. [*Exit.*]

Old D. Hurrah! then my daughter has got a husband at last, and I shall get out of the infernal trammels of matrimony. I must give over this kind of life. Bless me! I am quite thin; when I was in the city I had a corporation; but they seem determined to reduce that at this end of the town. Now I shall change my bread and butter hat for a regular triangle; go to 'Change invariably; dine at four, buy and sell stock, and find consolation in the consols.

Enter MRS. MODEL, EMILY, and ANGELICA.

Fre. Emily, kiss your charming sister, and congratulate your brother as the happiest dog in the universe.

Emi. I congratulate you; but while my friend's fate is

clouded, I cannot be happy—(*Aside*) while this mystery is unexplained.

Mrs. M. Mr. Dashington, Emily tells me you have proof of the marriage of our portegée—

Old D. Proof positive, Ma'am—positive—as—a certificate in St. George's or St. Giles's.

Tom Bluntly and Sir Frederick, without.

Blu. But I beg your pardon, we don't part so easily.

Ang. (Rushing forward). Ah! that voice! that voice!—

Old D. 'Tis Tom's voice. Do you know it?

Sir F. (Without). But I tell you, Bluntly, I will not go.

Blu. (Without). I beg your pardon; you know I am a plain man, and you shall.

Enter TOM BLUNTLY, partly pushing, and partly bowing on SIR FREDERICK SPARKINGTON.

Emi. (Aside). Sir Frederick, as I live.

Blu. I beg your pardon; but when I have hunted a chase half over Europe, I don't give up the fox just when I've bagged him, and content myself with his brush.

Sir F. All here! Confusion!

Ang. No, I am not deceived; it is Mr. Bluntly.

Old D. Yes, 'tis my nephew Tom, sure enough.

Blu. Ah, my little Angelica, you here? Well, that is lucky; look! I bring you your husband. Here is Sutherland.

Emily and Mrs. Modely (with surprise) Sutherland!

Old D. Here's a bit of fashionable life now.

Ang. Ah, Providence! I thank you. (*To Bluntly.*) You are witness that I am married.

Blu. To be sure you are. What! has Mr. Sutherland forgotten it? Mrs. Bluntly takes care that I shall never forget it.

Sir F. S'death, Sir! Were our tie ten times more binding than it was, her subsequent conduct has broken it, and set me free. You are not aware that the Count Castelli—

Blu. Oh yes, I am quite aware that I run his countship through the body, and with my sword drew out his secret; for when he thought he was at his last gasp, he confessed his sins against this injured angel, and his treachery to you.

Sir F. Confessed?

Blu. Aye, and the attestations of her innocence are deposited with my uncle Dashington.

Old D. Yes, I've got them safe under lock and key.

(*Emily hides her head on Mrs. Modely's bosom.*)

Mrs. M. My poor Emily!

Ang. (*Running to her*). Ah! my friend! my benefactress! pray, pray forgive me.

Emi. (*With energy*). Oh, Angelica! you have torn the dreadful veil that blinded me from my eyes; you have laid open a scene of treachery.

Ang. Oh, spare him—spare him—he is still my husband.

Mrs. M. And in that character alone can he ever hope to be again received. Sir Frederick Sparkington, I see a latent virtue struggling in your heart, strive not to repress it; say you will receive Angelica as your wife, and thus make the only atonement in your power for her sufferings.

Ang. Sutherland!

Sir F. Angelica! (*They embrace.*) Forgive me—forgive my too hasty credulity.

Blu. Eh! why zounds, by setting things to rights, I began to think I was setting things to wrongs. I've done my duty; so now my Susan and I will bring my little crop into the family circle. [Exit.

Enter MODELy and FRANK HEARTINGTON.

Mrs. M. Ha! Modely!

Mod. Nay—nay, Heartington, mine is the most imperative call; and if you will not be my second, Dashington shall.

Das. I—I'll be nobody's second.

Hea. But he has received my message, and must answer to me.

Mod. (*Seeing Sir F.*) Here!—in my house—come to add insult to perfidy.

Mrs. M. Oh, Modely (*Appeasing him*); Modely, be calm; permit me—

Mod. No, Madam—my neglect—my culpable neglect—may, in some measure, plead your apology; but for him—Sir Frederick, quit my house instantly, lest I violate the sanctity of this roof. I shall know where to seek you.

Sir F. When and where you please, Sir.

Mrs. M. No—no—Sir Frederick. Modely, I beseech you, hear me.

Ang. (Aside). My persecutor at Mrs. Commode's. (*Coming forward.*) Nay—nay—Sutherland—Sir Frederick, I mean, let me plead (*Placing herself between them and addressing Modely*)—let me plead. I come, Sir, as a solicitor, and if you will take my advice,—the best advice in the world,—

Mod. (Aside). The little foreigner.

Ang. Come, come, you will forgive—forgive my husband—I know you will.

Mod. Husband! Sir Frederick Sparkington your husband? he the husband of my little foreigner.

Old D. And proprietor of my foreign stock.

Hea. His wife! ah, Emily! my poor Emily, (*Running to her*).

Sir F. How, Angelica—what! are you?

Mod. Neither more nor less than the interesting little foreigner, whom you so kindly resigned to me.

Sir F. S'death! Sir, you must answer this to me—what, Sir, insult my wife—Angelica—my wife?

Old D. Whew! the wind's blowing the other way now.

Mrs. M. (Going round to the side of Sir Frederick). Do you not think, Sir Frederick, that the less other people's wives than your own are mentioned, the better for all of us?

Sir F. (After an effort). Modely, I've been a villain; I have almost made you one by inducing you to neglect a wife who is all excellence and purity; let us both amend, and try by our future conduct to atone for our past neglect. Here is my monitor; let Mrs. Modely be yours.

Mrs. M. The best monitor will be your own hearts.

Old D. Yes—they're such good ones.

Mod. Right; for the world would be much better than it is, if the head would but follow the dictates of the heart, instead of suffering our actions to be influenced by the ridicule of the contemptible. But, Emily; to her, Sir Frederick, you owe—

Sir F. I know it, and blush when I think of my heartless conduct.

Emi. Nay—nay—I forgive you; the film thrown over my eyes by brilliance and fashion is withdrawn only to let the sun of Heartington's sincerity shine the brighter; when

he can forget, and I shall be improved, by what has passed, perhaps he will again believe me what I was in the country.

Hea. Oh, Emily!

Old D. Come, Bella—come, Freeland, you are going to be married, so take a hint from this couple of couples here. Mr. Modely would gad abroad and leave his wife to the delicate attentions of his friend at home. I think he has got a hint, and a pretty broad one, from Sir Frederick, who has himself got a hint not to come home and leave his wife abroad. If, then, our play will but induce one gadding spouse to remain at home, we shall not in vain have dropped our Hints to Husbands.

THE EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MISS TAYLOR.

Enter MISS TAYLOR, followed by the PROMPTER.

Pro. I do assure you, Ma'am, the play is done.

Miss T. But, Sir, the epilogue—

Pro. Why, Ma'am, there's none.

Miss T. No epilogue! Why, sure the man's a fool
To break the observance of so good a rule.
Ah—you're mistaken, Sir; nay, never doubt it,
A five act play is incomplete without it.

Pro. But, Ma'am, the author swore he could not write
one.

Miss T. Poor man!—then I'll go forward and indite one;
Trusting each critic, should he prove a railer,
Will still excuse the patchwork of a *Tailor*.
Besides, look here, the house is almost cramm'd—

Pro. But, Ma'am, I tell you that the play is damn'd.
Should you attempt an epilogue they'd laugh—

Miss T. Damn'd! then my epilogue shall be its epitaph.
'Tis nought to me, though they condemn the play, }
I am a woman, and will have my say; }
So, leave the stage to me—and go away.

(Exit Prompter.)


Clear stage—fair play—or else my wit you smother,
The one I've made myself, you'll give the other.
The man's as mad as those M. P.'s so rude,
Who lately voted ladies to exclude;
But they were married men—poor selfish elves!—
And knew we could debate much better than themselves;
So eager they obey'd the Speaker's summons,
To vote us out—lest we should eat their commons.
Well, through the play, I every point have carried,
From going to a ball to getting married—

EPILOGUE.

Having done this with ease, 'twill be my aim,
 After the marriage-knot, to do the same.
 Though we, alas ! by sad experience know
 That knot, like others, often spoils the *beau*.
 By marriage some are made, and some undone ;
 Marriage, they say, makes man and wife but one—
 It might have been intended so to do,
 Yet man and wife are very often two.
 But to our play, this ' Hints for Husbands '—pooh !
 We give them hints enough, and broad ones too.
 For if they choose with other belles to roam,
 Why other beaux may ring their bells at home.
 For instance now—that gent—so bald, I know
 Has left his wife at home, that he might go
 And have a little gallivanting at the play.
 But does he know that a gay cabriolet,
 The colour chocolate, the horse a grey,
 Drove up ——— street, to No. 4,
 And entered without knocking at the door.
 'Tis true this might have been his spouse's whim,
 But still I think it is a hint for him.
 And yon smug couple, who demurely sit,
 Sconced in the snuggest corner of the pit ;
 Though with his wife—I see the sly old fox
 Ogling the ladies in that upper box.
 I'd hint to him, his wife is not to blame,
 Because with yonder beau she does the same.
 As to my friend who in the gallery sits,
 And hugs his bottle and his wife by fits,
 I'd hint to him, 'tis not the thing to do,
 Lest his fair rib should like her bottle too.
 Oh, lud ! I see—with dread at every glance,
 Marriage at last is but a game of chance,
 Where clubs beat hearts, while diamonds do the same,
 And spade's the only card which ends the game.
 E'en in the sweets the honey-moon may bring,
 The bee who made the honey leaves his sting ;
 Then bills—from butcher, milliner, and baker,
 Till all are settled by the undertaker—
 While husbands pay, with purse and heart unwilling,
 A very little cooing, and a deal of billing.

EPILOGUE.

Yet there are pairs who, in the married state,
Through love and duty meet a better fate.
Beyond all others, English married life
Presents more joy and less domestic strife.
But with our bard I trust you're not offended,
His hints, though sharp, are very well intended.
And if with you his 'Hints for Husbands' thrives,
He means to follow with some 'Hints for Wives.'



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